VOTING IN OREGON • PARTYING IN TEXAS • KILLING IN MOSTAR

FEBRUARY 26, 1996 • $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Business casual propaganda • Are the English anti-Semites?

Michael Lewis:
Why Not Alan Keyes?

primary frenzy

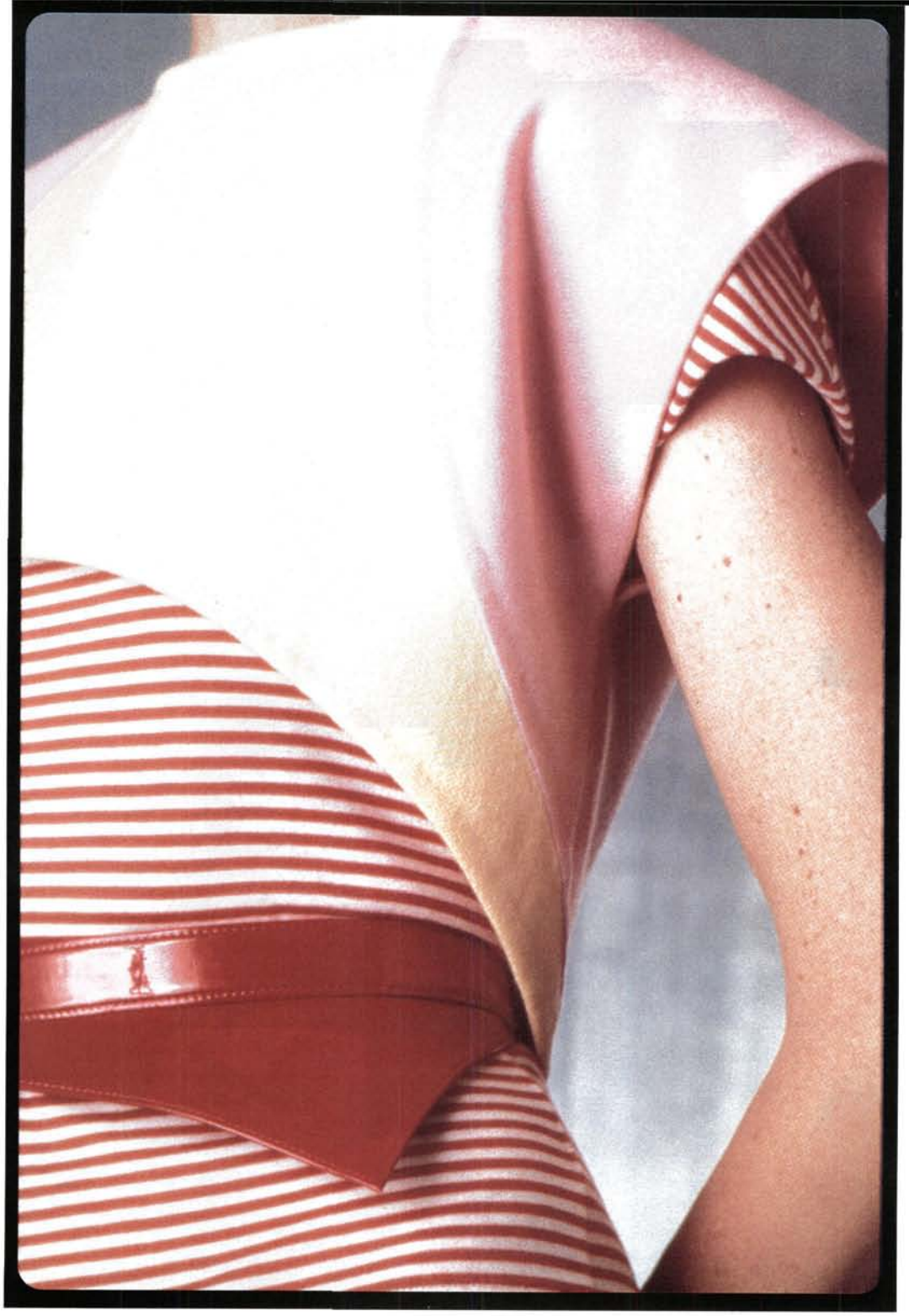
Matthew Cooper:
Dole's Campaign Crunch

Ruth Shalit:
Lamar Alexander's Second Wind

#BXBKDML ******* 3-DIGIT 757
#757558AB411RY007# 012897
HO NWRE S00168
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

49140
0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GEOFFREY
AMERICAN
BEENE
DESIGNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

FEBRUARY 26, 1996

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,232

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 16, 18 and 24.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Human Rights Watch on TNR, Alfred Kazin on the devil, &c.

6 **PETER BEINART** TRB: THE DOMINO THEORY Is Rwanda's past Burundi's future?

7 **THE EDITORS** PREEXISTING CONDITION The GOP's health-care evasion.

8 **NOTEBOOK** TNR on Human Rights Watch, Anglicans in hell, &c.

10 **JAY WEISER** DENIM DOWNSIZE Is business casual the opiate of the masses?

11 **SAMANTHA POWER** MOSTAR POSTCARD: RIVER PHOENIX? A Croat-Muslim hate-fest keeps an ancient, multiethnic river-town from rising above itself.

14 **ROBERT SULLIVAN** OREGON POSTCARD: MAIL ORDER The joys of voting by post.

16 **MATTHEW COOPER** DEAD MAN WALKING Bob Dole's plan for eventual survival.

18 **RUTH SHALIT** SINKING, SHINING TENNESSEAN The wistful, thoughtful campaign of the beshirted Lamar Alexander, who still might have a chance. No, really.

24 **MICHAEL LEWIS** CAMPAIGN JOURNAL: THE MESSENGER Alan Keyes is on an admirable, if unnerving, crusade. A visit with the loquacious one, and his Winnebago.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: LATE WINTER ROUNDUP *The Juror* has surprising conviction; *The White Balloon* is quietly brilliant.

29 **ANDREW DELBANCO** A DEVIL FOR ALL SEASONS *Naming the Antichrist: The History of an American Obsession* by Robert Fuller

32 **LAWRENCE LIPKING** THE ENGLISH QUESTION *Shakespeare and the Jews* by James Shapiro; *Anti-Semitic Stereotypes* by Frank Felsenstein; *Figures of Conversion* by Michael Ragussis

37 **EDMUND S. MORGAN** THE FEDERALIST *The Sacred Fire of Liberty: James Madison and the Founding of the Federal Republic* by Lance Banning

39 **ROY PORTER** BAR NONE *The Oxford History of the Prison* edited by Norval Morris and David J. Rothman

40 **DONALD HALL** POEM *Beads and Hair*

42 **MICHAEL LIND** AUSTIN DIARIST: PARTY TOWN

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
MARGARET TALBOT

Senior Editors
MATTHEW COOPER, ANN HULBERT, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES LANE, MICHAEL LEWIS, MICHAEL LIND, JAMES WOOD, ROBERT WRIGHT

Managing Editor
PETER BEINART

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Economics
MATTHEW MILLER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARK STRAND

Dance
MINDY ALOFF

Photography
LUC SANTE

Art
JED PERL

New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PAUL GOLOB

Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, JACOB HEILBRUNN, ANNA HUSARSKA, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, GLENN LOURY, DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E. V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Editors
NADER MOUSAVIZADEH, HANNA ROSIN, RUTH SHALIT

Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Production Manager
HENRY RIGGS

Assistant Editors
DEBRA DUROCHER, JENNIFER BRADLEY

Literary Assistant
MELANIE REHAK

Reporter-Researchers
JONATHAN CHAIT, MICHAEL CROWLEY, STEPHEN GLASS, ELISSA SILVERMAN

President and Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Vice President
JAMES J. McCABE

Associate Publisher-Advertising
JENNIFER BARRETT

Controller
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation Director
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Marketing Manager
SHABNAM K. SHARMA

Advertising Manager
ASHLEY H. COOPER

Accounting Assistants
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH, JEANNINE DINGMAN

Advertising Assistant
CLAIRE P. STERN

Circulation Assistant
CAROLYN BERRY

Back Issues and Reception
MARGO JOHNSON

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 214, Number 9, Issue 4,232, February 26, 1996. (Printed in the U.S. on February 7, 1996.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 8 & 15, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1996) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1995 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Like that

To the editors:

Michael Lewis's first Campaign Journal ("Let the Games Begin," January 29) includes this passage: "After his father became ill his mother used to take little Phil from their lower-middle-class house to the rich folks' neighborhood, where she would point to the houses and say, 'If you work hard you can live in one of *those*!' People really do think like that."

Would Mr. Lewis approve of Senator Gramm's mother encouraging little Phil to see himself as a victim, as in, "Phil, because Republicans always give tax breaks to the rich while taking income from us, you will always be poor"? Or deterministic: "Phil, your daddy was mediocre, and you inherited it from him. Be happy with whatever meager existence you can scrape together, counting on the kindness of Democrats who will fight to extract wealth from the undeserving rich so you and your children won't starve"?

Regarding Matthew Cooper's "Whodunnit?" (January 29), when will his editor be returning to work?

PETER KATT
Mattawan, Michigan

Bedeviled

To the editors:

David Rieff's piece on genocide ("An Age of Genocide," January 29) is the most precise, informed and stirring piece on the terrible subject that I have read in ages. And what a contrast in the same issue to Frank Kermode's review of Andrew Delbanco's *The Death of Satan* ("Beat the Devil"). Kermode fails to note Delbanco's brushing aside of the Second World War as just more violence in a violent world and seems to accept Delbanco's calling General Grant "a preview of the dead-eyed murderers one meets in fictional and factual twentieth-century texts." If ever there was a just war, it was the resistance to Hitler and Japan. Lincoln recognized in Grant the first competent Union general: "He fights." Grant said that the South fought in "the worst cause." It is terrible to think of how much longer it would have taken the Union, without Grant, to prevail over slaveholders who murdered ex-slaves they caught fighting for their own freedom. The world is always full of devils, but enough of this literary chatter about "the Devil!"

ALFRED KAZIN
New York, New York

To the editors:

Of the books that in recent years have sought to promote theism as a thoroughly up-to-date idea, Andrew Delbanco's *The Death of Satan* (reviewed by Frank Kermode) takes an especially roundabout route: we need the devil in order to deal with evil. We are unable to understand evil in our current terminology. In other words: "We want Satan back because God depends on him." This last statement is quite accurate, I think. The growing assumption on the part of religious believers that everybody will go to heaven constitutes a step (desirable, in my opinion) in the watering down and eventual elimination of religion. The lead-in is less accurate. The "concretizing" of evil as a "force" has led to the gross oversimplification of moral questions; the demonization of, and calls for vengeance against, individuals; and the continued acceptance of retribution as a motive for legal punishment. "Worshiping luck" is not our only alternative to such a stance. Certainly, it is to be recognized—and, thus, potentially dealt with—that sometimes good actions are met with hardship and bad actions with pleasure. But this is opposed to, not accepting of, fatalism. If one is to work against evil, it helps to be unencumbered by primitive myths and to regard "the loss of the concept of sin" as indeed "a Nietzschean triumph." The assumption that people need an object of hatred before they can act is often the way to inaction. What if the war in Bosnia really had been, as some claimed, a matter in which all sides were equally to blame? Would that have been a reason not to try to stop it?

DAVID SWANSON
Palmyra, Virginia

Take it EZ

To the editors:

The apparent early success of Steve Forbes's campaign promoting a flat tax has inspired a fairly typical burst of hysteria ("Flattened") in the January 29 issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC. Columnist Matthew Miller challenges the simplicity argument for the flat tax by simultaneously arguing that (1) the current system is already simple as evidenced by the fact that 20 million filers use "EZ" tax forms, and (2) the current system is, well, complex after all, but that's OK because the costs of complexity fall on business. Obviously the costs incurred by business are embedded in the prices they charge for their products in the marketplace, and consumers wind up paying for at least a portion of the complexity of the tax code. So we can add another advantage to the flat tax: transparency.

When it comes right down to it, it is precisely that transparency that so bothers opponents of the flat tax. The current tax code allows politicians to darken the sky with blizzards of crisscrossing dollars subsidizing various interest groups happily obscured by the complexity of the tax code. This, by design, strikes at the heart of political accountability and democratic government. If proponents of progressive taxation want to subsidize various interest groups or businesses or want to take another run at redistributing income, they should try an experiment with honesty and advocate cash subsidies that are direct and explicit and see how far they get.

JOE BENNING
Summit, New Jersey

Beneath comment

To the editors:

Many thanks to David Denby (Correspondence, January 29) for reminding us of the correct spelling of Nicolas Cage's and Elisabeth Shue's first names, even if he was a bit too triumphant about it. However, having slogged through both the print and film versions of *Leaving Las Vegas*, I must say that these misspellings were about the only flaws in James Wood's attack on either enterprise. And no matter how many show-biz bowling trophies either the film or *Nicolas* collect before the dawn of Good Friday, they are both beneath comment.

(1) Wood's lengthy quotes from the novel serve two useful purposes. First, they sound a warning to unsuspecting readers (and to film critics who have been heaping praise on the book without actually reading it) that an eighth-grade stab at the late Hemingway lurks between the covers of the novel. Secondly, although it is certainly possible to make a bad novel into a good script, one must first admit that the source material is in need of serious overhaul. The folks behind *Leaving Las Vegas* have not only made no such admission; they seem unaware that such an admission might be necessary.

(2) I suspect that Wood's complaint that we never see Cage expelling vomit into a toilet was at least partially a metaphor. The gist of his complaint was that the performance was all prettied-up hamming. Never once do we see the real physical or mental ugliness that alcoholism entails. There is nothing in *Leaving Las Vegas* as wrenching as the concert-hall sequence in *The Lost Weekend* in which Ray Milland attempts to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steal a woman's purse to gain the price of a drink. The spectacle of a civilized, law-abiding man resorting to petty theft to feed his addiction induces life-size misery and shame. The same in the scenes in where he attempts to hock his typewriter, where he begs Howard DaSilva for a free shot of whiskey and, having secured his request, his hands are shaking so badly that he is forced to lower his head to the level of the glass and practically lap the whiskey up. More importantly, his performance, and the script by Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, create a three-dimensional portrait of the man suffering from the affliction. As a result, alcoholism becomes the prism through which we view a very particular human being. In *Leaving Las Vegas*, Cage isn't anything but A Drunk, and his various travails are vulgar spectacles staged for our amusement.

(3) Although I would certainly agree with David Denby that John Cassavetes's films cannot rightly be compared with the plays of Shakespeare or the stories of Chekov, any number of them contained great Drunk Turns. Whether the gentleman or the actors he worked with were off-screen tipplers, I can't say, but when people got smashed in his films, they did so with great verve and authority. Think of the parallel male-female drunks in *Faces*. The scenes in which they figured ran on long past the points they were trying to make, but their liquored-up passage from forced conviviality to raging, sweating self-pity made for grand and grisly spectacle. Sure it was ham, but the sort that requires talent and shamelessness far beyond anything that Cage could hope to muster. Well, that's not quite accurate. For a talent as puny as Cage to pursue an acting career requires shamelessness on an epic scale. The talent thing is a little trickier.

As for Mr. Denby, the taste thing is the tricky bit. Mind you, he has the same well-educated bad taste that distinguishes most glossy-magazine film critics and the more pretentious executives in Hollywood. His loving this particular film is no more worrying than his taking Brian DePalma or Woody Allen seriously. But as Mr. Wood noted in his article, the pushing of stuff like *Leaving Las Vegas* as "art" makes it more difficult than usual for the general public to recognize the real thing when they see it. And that is worrying.

MATTHEW PATTON
St. Petersburg, Florida

Fall of public man

To the editors:

In an otherwise fair and thorough article on Baltimore's public school privatization experiment ("Learning Curve," January 29), Elissa Silverman incorrectly states that the teachers' union there opposed the introduction of the private Calvert School curriculum into Baltimore's public Barclay elementary school.

This is not true. The Baltimore Teachers Union has been very supportive of the Calvert approach all along, and teachers there sing the praises of the program. Along with our Baltimore affiliate, the American Federation of Teachers has worked to bring Barclay's success to public attention and urge would-be reformers to take a closer look. Barclay is an excellent example of the disciplined and rigorous approach to education we think should characterize all schools. And Barclay shows that it works with poor, inner-city youngsters who are too

often written off as incapable of challenging work. In fact, after wasting several million dollars in experimenting with Education Alternatives Inc., a private management company, the city is now considering extending the Calvert approach to all city schools.

DONNA FOWLER
Acting Public Affairs Director,
American Federation of Teachers
Washington, D.C.

Elba room

To the editors:

Accustomed to TNR's repeated ridicule of the notion that Arabs are entitled to human rights, I should not have been surprised that you would go so far as to praise an otherwise democratic Great Britain for trampling the rights of a Saudi dissident ("Bye Bye Masari," Notebook, January 29). The man in question, Mohammed al-Masari, has been ordered deported to Dominica before Britain has fulfilled its legal obligation to examine his asylum claim on the merits. You accuse Masari, without providing evidence, of links to the "religious zealot terrorist network." Perhaps you were embarrassed to cite the reason British officials themselves gave for wishing to get rid of Masari, who has not been accused of breaking any law. Those officials have made clear that his expulsion is intended to preempt the Saudi government from retaliating against British commercial interests in their country.

Your Notebook item ignores the dreadful human rights situation in Saudi Arabia, where Masari was jailed and tortured before fleeing to London. Anticipating his banishment to a Caribbean Elba, you gloat that what he will miss the most is access to "faxes, modems and telephones that work"—as if using these means of communication to criticize a repressive regime is a bad thing.

Like Salman Rushdie, Masari is the victim of a repressive Middle Eastern government attempting to silence a person on British soil. But, while the British government has defended Rushdie, it is in Masari's case serving as the long arm of Saudi censorship.

ERIC GOLDSTEIN
Human Rights Watch/Middle East
Washington, D.C.

Over it

To the editors:

You guys are obsessed. Okay, the knockoff of Harper's Index was funny, and the first five or ten jabs at the *New Yorker* and O.J. hit the mark. You beat *Newsweek* to a story about fat, and you've proven that you can mock famous dead newspaper editors. But the news in *The Economist*'s call for legalizing gay marriage is not that you said so first; it is that a respected, influential and conservative magazine said so at all. Your method of gloating—comparing covers (Notebook, January 29)—also looks petty. Your current editor's name, we can't help but notice, is on TNR's cover back then. Either he's puffing himself needlessly, or someone else there is kissing ass. Both look childish. Get over it.

ANDREW C. WATSON
Somerville, Massachusetts

THE NEW REPUBLIC welcomes unsolicited manuscripts and article proposals. Because of the volume of submissions, we regret that we cannot acknowledge an article or return it unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If articles are accepted for publication, authors will be notified within two weeks. **No fax or phone queries, please.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

The domino theory

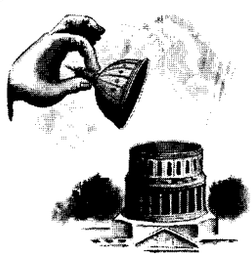
The word has gone out, among those naïve enough to still care about Africa, that Burundi is *next*. To implode, that is. Arranging African nightmares in linear succession is a neat way to divvy up the tiny financial and intellectual resources that America has allotted to the continent. But the approach has its drawbacks. It implies, to start with, that African conflicts—rather than our attention to them—begin and end in sequence. And this leads us to consign African crises to the past not because they've been solved, but because *The New York Times* has only enough column inches for one Africa crisis at a time. It means not only that we are surprised when a conflict we assumed to be over regains the spotlight, but that we miss the ways in which an unsolved crisis in one country can set one off in another.

These days, Rwanda has been forgotten, while neighboring Burundi looms large. In Rwanda, you may recall, a crazed Hutu government killed more than 500,000 people, mostly Tutsi, in 1994. The United States, shell-shocked from its fiasco in Somalia, delayed for months before allowing a new U.N. peacekeeping force to enter the country (the first one had fled as the barbarism began). While the U.S. dawdled, France stepped into the breach, establishing a security zone in the country's southwest and allowing many of its genocidal Hutu clients to use it as a safe conduit into Zaire. And to get Zaire to accept many of the 2 million Rwandan refugees, France stopped pressuring its dictator, Mobutu Sese Seko, to democratize.

U.S. policymakers regret all of this, of course. But instead of focusing on justice for the victims, they've moved on to preventing genocide the next time around. The best way to atone for our sins in Rwanda, they argue, is to prevent their repitition. And the place they're most likely to be repeated is Burundi.

The problem with this distinction, however, is that Rwanda's past refuses to stay in the past—or in Rwanda. The situation in Burundi, a low-level civil war between the Tutsi military and Hutu rebels, is awful but probably stable. The biggest threat to that stability doesn't come from anybody in Burundi, but from the million Rwandan Hutus still living in refugee camps in Eastern Zaire. And these refugees are kept there by fear of Tutsi vengeance and the inability of the international tribunal investigating the 1994 genocide to guarantee due process. It's a tidy circle.

The Hutu refugees in Zaire are not twiddling their thumbs. They're troop fodder for an army that might reinvade within a year. Countless reports testify that the former army has retained much of its weaponry and continues to train. Since there are only two narrow bottlenecks from Zaire into Rwanda, an invasion by the exiled Rwandan government would almost certainly go through Burundi. This could create havoc, with rebels from Rwanda and Burundi joining forces and potentially even carving out a Hutu rump state in the north of Burundi and the south of Rwanda.



It could, in short, lead to a regional meltdown. Rwanda suspects Mobutu's Zaire (correctly) of shielding the former Hutu government from the international war crimes tribunal, and of allowing them to rearm and retrain. So the Rwandan government has said it will not allow the Hutu rebels to launch attacks from Zaire and then retreat safely across the border. And Ugandan President Yoweri Museveni, a longtime supporter of the Rwandan Tutsis (the Tutsi rebels spent years in exile in Uganda and, indeed, included Ugandans), would also love to take a swipe at his old enemy Mobutu, and support a Rwandan incursion into Zaire.

All of these states are riven by ethnic divisions and ruled by essentially illegitimate governments controlled by minority tribes. In a part of the world where borders often have little consequence, it is entirely possible that a Hutu invasion of Rwanda would spread ethnic, civil war throughout the region, creating a swath of territory similar to the one in West Africa where, as Robert Kaplan has observed, brutal, entrepreneurial bands of thugs roam freely between Liberia, Sierra Leone and perhaps soon Guinea.

As the consequences of an explosion in Burundi slowly sink in, an agonized debate has developed in the Security Council and on America's op-ed pages. Boutros Boutros-Ghali has suggested stationing a mostly African peacekeeping force on Burundi's border with Zaire, but the Security Council won't go along. The usual suspects have denounced the U.S. for its indifference. But this is really a sideshow. The important fight is not over Burundi's future, but over Rwanda's past, and it is a fight the U.S. is hardly waging.

The least costly way to prevent disaster is for the U.S. to ensure that the war crimes tribunal in Rwanda acquires some teeth. A legitimate judicial process could lure the refugees home, although it would face opposition. If Zaire loses its refugees, it loses the international leverage that allows it to sustain its dictatorship; Kenya, where some high-level Hutu murderers are holed up, also refuses to cooperate; and France does not want a judicial process which would expose its collusion with the former government up to, and during, the genocide.

But none of these countries could withstand real U.S. pressure. Kenya desperately needs IMF loans. There are powerful people in Zaire's government, like Prime Minister Kengo wa Dondo, who do not share Mobutu's sympathy for the Hutus, and the U.S. could bolster their influence. And does France really want a high-profile showdown on whether the perpetrators of one of this century's worst genocides should go scot free? Besides, Chirac doesn't have to take the rap; it was the Mitterrand government that helped them get away.

The international tribunal, which has so far indicted only eight people, is floundering. And in the absence of a serious U.S. effort, it will never prosecute more than a handful of mid-level functionaries. Meanwhile, vigilante justice takes its place. There is increasing evidence of retaliation by the Rwandan army against those suspected of genocide. Investigators at some grave sites have reportedly found two layers of bodies, the first Tutsi and the second Hutu. Unless the war crimes tribunal is given a chance, it will be impossible to woo back the refugees and stem a new civil war in Rwanda, and beyond. The conventional wisdom about Rwanda and Burundi—that the best way to atone for the past is to prevent its repetition—is wrong. The best way to prevent darkness from falling once again, in Rwanda as in Bosnia, is to atone for the past.

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEBRUARY 26, 1996

PREEXISTING CONDITION

Go back, if you can bear it, to the great health care debate of 1994. Bob Dole, then Senate minority leader, touted a series of increasingly modest alternatives to President Clinton's slowly dying plan. After the reform effort collapsed, Dole promised to come right back in January and make health reform the Senate's top priority.

Need we point out that it hasn't quite turned out that way? Since the Republicans took control of Congress, they have considered no health insurance reforms even approaching the breadth of the ones they themselves proposed such a short time ago. Why the foot dragging? The long answer is complex. The short answer: Bob Dole.

The effort began with promise. On July 13 of last year, Republican Nancy Kassebaum and Democrat Ted Kennedy jointly introduced a bill that would force insurance companies to offer coverage to those who change or lose their job. It wasn't a panacea, and it did nothing for people without insurance at all. Rather, it kept those already in the insured category from falling out. Someone who switched employers couldn't be denied coverage because of a preexisting condition, for instance. This would alleviate "job lock," allowing workers to advance their careers without fear of losing their insurance. You don't need to get weepy over the plight of the anxious middle class to appreciate the importance of this: the mobility of labor is a key part of any market economy.

This logic is widely shared; the GOP's 1994 health care plans, including Dole's, contained this provision. After sailing through committee without dissent in August, Kassebaum-Kennedy picked up forty-four co-sponsors—twenty-three Democrats and twenty-one Republicans—and waited for a floor vote. And waited. And waited. More than five months later, President Clinton in his State of the Union speech urged a cheering Congress to pass the measure. At this point, *The Washington Post* reported that Kassebaum-Kennedy had been snuffed out by a few senators carrying out a procedure called a "hold." This allows a senator to anonymously request that the majority leader refrain from holding a vote on a bill. It's a practice designed to allow senators to briefly delay a vote due to, say, a scheduling conflict. Recently, it's evolved into a secret, one-man filibuster. Democracy in action! Of course, the majority leader can overturn a hold by bringing it to a vote. After Kassebaum finally lost her patience and complained publicly, Dole agreed to bring the bill to the floor—but not for three months, so that opponents have time to pick it apart.

Why would anyone put the kibosh on such cuddly, popular legislation? A segment of the health insurance industry argues that it will raise premiums. It will, although not nearly as much as the industry claims. (The American Academy of Actuaries predicts a hike of about 2 percent, or one-tenth of what opponents foresee.) Anytime you force the industry to insure people more likely to get sick, it's going to raise premiums on the healthy. By eliminating one method of keeping out high risks, Kassebaum-Kennedy forces insurance companies to compete on quality and efficiency rather than on who can find the sneakiest way to exclude risky cases. Those insurance companies that have thrived on exclusion justifiably feel threatened, and they have allies (and campaign donation recipients) in the GOP's hard right wing. To date, these allies haven't been held publicly accountable.

And where does Dole stand? ABC News asked him in an interview a couple of weeks ago:

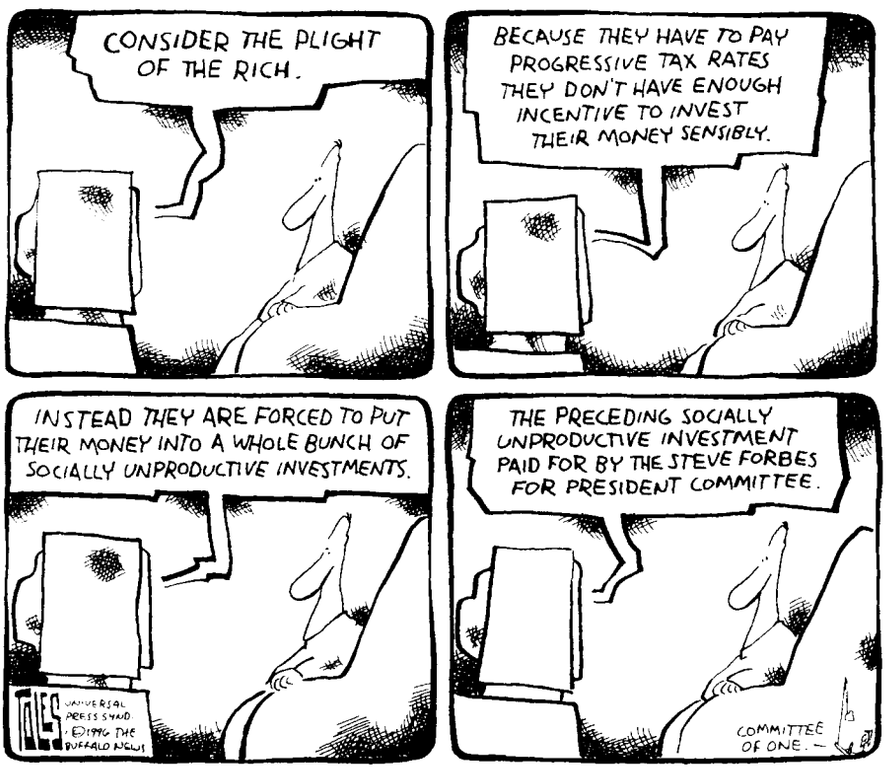
> Interviewer: So, you have no idea? Supposedly, some senators have holds on.
> Dole: Lots of holds on it.
> Interviewer: Why is that?
> Dole: They don't want it to pass.
> Interviewer: Why?
> Dole: Well, you have to ask them. I don't have a hold.
> Interviewer: But you support it, don't you?
> Dole: I don't have a hold on it.

Two years ago, most everyone agreed we had serious health care problems: escalating costs, large numbers of uninsured. Under market pressure, costs have come down in the private sector; but in Medicare and Medicaid the cost explosion still threatens to bankrupt the federal government. To their credit, Republicans have tried to tackle this crisis (to his discredit, Clinton has demagogued it). But the problem of the uninsured remains. Kennedy-Kassebaum is a sane, modest step to keep that number from growing and to allow those already insured some modicum of freedom in the labor market. In killing the Clinton plan in 1994, Republicans argued for exactly this approach. It's time to see if they meant it. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Sensitive about their candidate's age, Bob Dole's staff canceled—but later reinstated—a campaign appearance at the Nutfield Brewery Co. in Derry, New Hampshire, makers of Old Man Ale.... After columnist Jack Anderson wrote of Richard Lugar that "If Dole and Forbes fade, he could be the odds-on favorite," Lugar issued a press release titled "Jack Anderson says Lugar is 'odds-on favorite'." ... Senator Fritz Hollings told a home-state newspaper that "Clinton's as popular as AIDS in South Carolina." ... *The Wall Street Journal* reported that in a college editorial condemning student protests at Columbia University, Steve Forbes wrote, "We found it a refreshing sight to see the cops, their clubs a swingin', disrupt a band of willful ruffians."

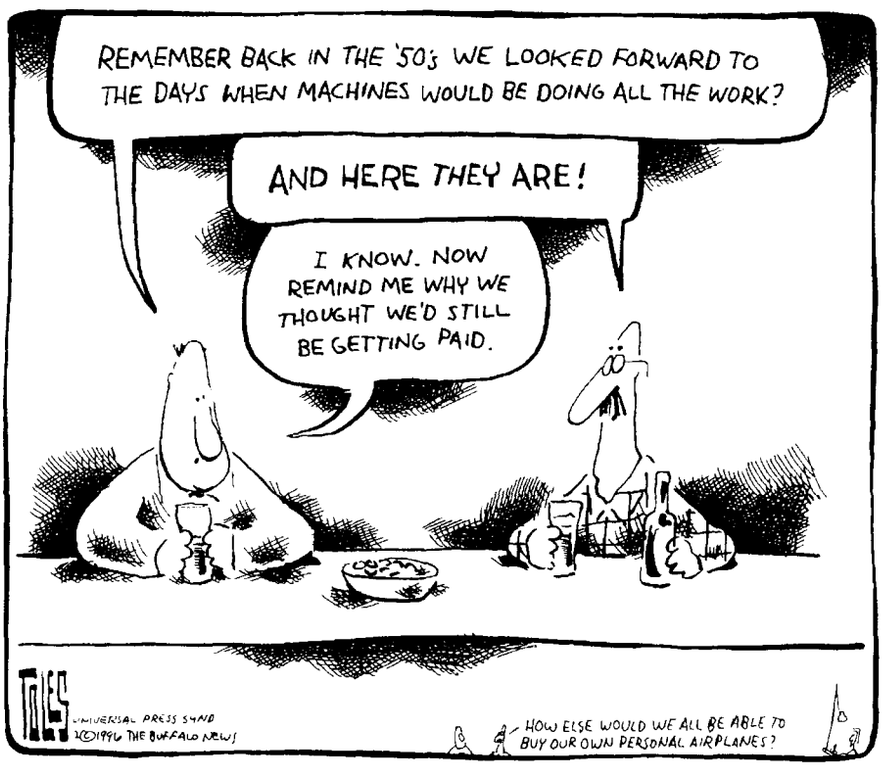

CONSIDER THE PLIGHT OF THE RICH.
BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO PAY PROGRESSIVE TAX RATES THEY DON'T HAVE ENOUGH INCENTIVE TO INVEST THEIR MONEY SENSIBLY.
INSTEAD THEY ARE FORCED TO PUT THEIR MONEY INTO A WHOLE BUNCH OF SOCIALLY UNPRODUCTIVE INVESTMENTS.
THE PRECEDING SOCIALLY UNPRODUCTIVE INVESTMENT PAID FOR BY THE STEVE FORBES FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE.
TOLES
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYND.
©1996 THE BUFFALO NEWS
COMMITTEE OF ONE.

STOPWATCH: The spokesmen for Human Rights Watch/Middle East featured on this week's correspondence page (see page 5) couldn't be as clueless as they seem. There are few radical theocrats they are unwilling to hail as dissidents: all they require as references are the requisite amount of anti-Americanism and a dash of animus toward Israel. This emphasis has been the driving passion of that group and of the Chairman of its Advisory Council, Gary Sick. But no makeover could turn Mohammed al-Masari and his Committee for the Defense of Legitimate Rights into civil libertarians. Here are some things to sober Mr. Sick et al: one of the founders of this Committee, Abdallah Jibreen, decreed that the Shia in Saudi Arabia were apostates, that their blood and treasure were forfeit. Another founder, Abdallah Twaijri, branded the women who challenged the ban against driving in 1990 as "prostitutes and fallen women." He has called for vigilante retribution against them. Other leading lights of the Committee have dismissed the U.N. as an instrument of "Jews and crusaders bent on exterminating the Moslems and confiscating their wealth," and condemned the Saudi government's role in the peace process as "heinous treason." It was not Saudi pressure that finally snapped British tolerance for Masari, who had, by the way, entered Britain illegally. The trigger was what Masari said about the murder of five Americans in a terrorist attack against a U.S. training facility in Riyadh last November. When Masari called the Americans a "legitimate target," he left his British hosts no choice. "We cannot say it's a crime," said Human Rights Watch/Middle East's favorite physicist. But this was no Andrei Sakharov of the Arabian peninsula. The British could not get him for sedition: they had to settle for incitement to terror. Even democracies must in the end draw a line of their own.

DESERTED SHIELD: A few months ago, you may remember, Senator Alan Simpson took on the entitlement-loving American Association of Retired Persons (AARP), arguing that as a tax-exempt group, it should be banned from lobbying Congress. His crusade succeeded—too well, in fact. Snared in the legislative web Simpson spun for the AARP was Blue Cross/Blue Shield, which has donated $300,000 to the GOP since 1993. Realizing his mistake, Simpson frantically tried to finagle an exemption for the insurance giant. But Democrats, delighting in the irony, and hoping to win exemptions for some of their friends as well, didn't let him. And Blue Cross, of course, couldn't muscle its friends on the Hill into lifting the lobbying ban because, well, it was banned from lobbying. Finally, Republican Congressman Bill Thomas, who has pocketed $9,000 from Blue Cross over the last two years, asked House Appropriations Committee Chairman Bob Livingston to attach the exemption to last month's must-pass stopgap spending bill, which kept the government open. Livingston's committee did indeed add the exemption, and discreetly, too. The committee's three-page summary of the bill did not mention the addition. When it comes to Blue Cross, it seems, silence is golden.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELL HATH NO FURY: The Church of England is embracing virtual reality faster than IBM. Last month, its doctrine commission re-defined hell. No flames or gnashing of teeth. Instead, says the Church, hell will be separation from God, and a state of Godless annihilation. "Hell," said the Dean of Lichfield Cathedral, Dr. Tom Wright, "is the final and irrevocable choosing of that which is opposed to God, so completely and so absolutely that the only end is total non-being." So the Church's idea of hell now represents exactly the peace after death wished for by most atheists: total non-being, and God out of the house. The Church of England has been much mocked for this fit of faint-heartedness. But its motives are at least humane. As Dr. Wright puts it, they want to avoid the old tradition of using hell "to frighten men and women into believing." After all, Christianity's record in this regard is not proud. St. Augustine thought that babies who died before baptism (and, therefore, were not cleansed of original sin) would be eternally tormented in hell. Pascal agreed. Cardinal Newman was obsessed with the idea that God held a book in which he recorded all our sins. At Judgment Day, this book will be opened, and all "your low-minded, groveling tastes," he preached, will be revealed. What God has written in his spiral notebook about the Dean of Lichfield is anyone's guess.


REMEMBER BACK IN THE '50s WE LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAYS WHEN MACHINES WOULD BE DOING ALL THE WORK?
AND HERE THEY ARE!
I KNOW. NOW REMIND ME WHY WE THOUGHT WE'D STILL BE GETTING PAID.
TOLES
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYND
©1996 THE BUFFALO NEWS
HOW ELSE WOULD WE ALL BE ABLE TO BUY OUR OWN PERSONAL AIRPLANES?

SCI-FRY: In a report issued last year, the president's Council of Economic Advisers declared that "Investments in [scientific] research and development are the key to increasing productivity, accounting for half or more of the growth in output per person." The report emphasized what both economists and scientists have been saying for years: that every federal dollar spent on basic science research and development adds several in business activity. Nonetheless, over the past twenty years there has been a 75 percent decline in Department of Energy spending on research and development, with the division of physics particularly targeted. In October 1993, Congress terminated funding for the superconducting supercollider accelerator, the project of the decade in high-energy or particle physics. Nobel Prize-winning physicist Murray Gell-Mann called its death a "conspicuous setback for human civilization." Now, many fear that U.S. particle physics labs will fall behind competitors such as CERN in Geneva. Although high-energy physics received fair treatment this budget year, receiving $40 million more than in fiscal year 1995, it was still $20 million less than what the Department of Energy asked for. And the fusion energy program, an area increasingly important as our reserves of fossil fuels dwindle, was cut from $357.2 million to $244.1 million. Sadly, Republican rhetoric about the importance of science appears as vacuous as a black hole.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:

Employee Health-Care Costs Were Steady

—*The Wall Street Journal*, January 30.

Survey Finds Health Costs Rose in '95

—*The New York Times*, same day.

Health care costs slowing for employers

—*USA Today*, same day.

(Thanks to Richard Aks of Scarsdale, New York.)

BOOK NEWS: We are pleased to announce that New Republic Books will publish the full text of *The Tenth Circle of Hell*, Rezak Hukanović's harrowing memoir of his experience at the Omarska death camp in northwestern Bosnia, a portion of which recently appeared in TNR ("Eyewitness to Hell," February 12). The book will be out in October—not a moment too soon, and—the Dayton agreement notwithstanding—many moments too late. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The tyranny of informality.

DENIM DOWNSIZE

By Jay Weiser

I sat at my desk the other afternoon, dressed in business casual, and wistfully fingered my most recent pay stub. Since Labor Day—and a subsequent 45 percent downsizing—we've been allowed to dress more informally to boost staff morale. And I thought as I've thought before: perhaps it's no coincidence that business casual is sweeping the country just as white-collar job security evaporates.

In the beginning, for men who were managers or professionals in big organizations, there was the suit. In *Sex and Suits*, Anne Hollander traces its origin to the 1780s, but the modern ensemble of jacket and pants in a single wool fabric, dress shirt and vertical tie dates from the era of the first great industrial bureaucracies about a century ago. In Edward Steichen's 1908 photographs, Teddy Roosevelt and William H. Taft look just like suited folk today, minor differences in lapel size and collars aside. John Molloy's classic *Dress for Success* (1975) called the suit "the central power garment—the garment that establishes our position . . . in any in-person business situation," and laid out in absurd detail the appropriate fabrics, patterns and colors for suits and their associated shirts and ties. In the 1980s, acceptable professional wear for men became louder—blue shirts with white collars, bright suspenders, wild ties—but the suit remained invulnerable until the advent of casual Fridays around 1991.

By 1992, a year of lingering slow-motion Depression, a survey by Dockers manufacturer Levi Strauss showed that 26 percent of companies had a dress-down day. Now nearly three-quarters of the largest companies, including General Motors, Ford, Mobil, Chrysler, General Electric and even the conservative hold-out IBM, encourage casual dress for the office at least some of the time.

But, unfortunately, dressing down seemed to go hand-in-hand with downsizing. Since 1989, about 3 million people have been laid off from their jobs. There has been some improvement—downsizings have apparently been decreasing since 1993, and in November 1995 unemployment was a relatively low 5.6 percent—but insecurity is rampant. Forty-three percent of white-collar workers who lost their jobs in the 1991-92 recession have had to settle for lower pay, and nearly 40 percent of the major firms that downsized in 1994 boosted hours for the survivors. Lifetime employment in one company is now dead and portable skills your only shelter. In this anxious environment, business casual seems, as Deloitte & Touche Atlanta managing partner David Passman put it, "a no-cost benefit." Too bad that real-dollar wages and benefits—the kind you live on—are down 5.5 percent since 1987. But in your Nautica ensemble, the new business-think goes, you'll feel blissful anyway.

Of course, business casual isn't merely a scheme to turn employees trembling beneath the budget axe into smiley worker bees. For one thing, many employees like it. And besides, a whole array of social forces—from the upstart entrepreneurship of the '80s to the influx of women into management—helped ensure the rise of business casual. In *Dress for Success*, John Molloy had extolled the IBM uniform of dark suits and white shirts, arguing that the right look imbued companies with *esprit de corps*. But within a few years, IBM was rocked by innovative Silicon Valley companies, where computer geeks ran the show and dress codes were unheard of. Meanwhile, the new generation of professional women, lacking a business uniform as standard as men's, veered between dressing as frilly non-players and power-suited yuppies-from-hell. It was an unappealing choice, but male co-workers still envied women's relative freedom and fantasized about going tie-less.

Within the business world, informality has spread well beyond business casual, and its influence has sometimes been deceptive. Nowadays, for example, convention would expect middle managers in many big companies to call the CEO by his first name. But are they really any more equal than they would have been thirty years ago, when they would have addressed him as "Mr."? In fact, the new informality masks an increasingly hierarchical power structure within companies, just as Gingrichian rhetoric about the "Opportunity Society" masks increasing economic inequality. In his 1995 book, *Company Man*, Anthony Sampson calls today's modern big corporations "monarchies" compared to the committee-run firms of twenty years ago. Monarchy is reflected in salary: today's typical American CEO makes 190 times the compensation of the typical worker; twenty years ago the multiple was only 40.

And the truth is business casual isn't quite the social-leveler it appears to be. It doesn't, after all, mean dressing as you would at home, with comfort or self-expression the paramount concerns. It has its own rules, even if they aren't always explicit. That's why it can actually be harder to get right than the old uniform was. (In recognition of the challenges, the helpful Levi Strauss has issued "A Guide to Casual Businesswear," while Neiman Marcus offers a free video, and Marshall Field sells a book on the subject.)

In the emerging casual consensus, t-shirts and torn jeans are taboo; as are the hip-hop fashions of African American teenagers and the lawn-mowing outfits of the suburban gentry. Preppie, however, is in, along with natural fabrics and understated designer stuff. The idea, as a *Cleveland Plain Dealer* service article for women puts it, is to "dress one level above," but not to be so fancy or high-style that you're conspicuous. I got the message; on my emergency business-casual shopping spree, I acquired two Ralph Lauren Polo sweaters. (I rationalize

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Ralph's fake-English clothes really *are* designed for my lifestyle, since we're both from New York's outer boroughs.) My new Gap khakis probably aren't too déclassé, though I worry whether the cotton twill fabric is as lustrous as Tommy Hilfiger's.

Despite these subtle gradations, dress distinctions between professionals and the support staff are now blurred, except on the rare occasions when outsiders are visiting and the rules demand the old uniform. My $25 Land's End mesh polo shirt is affordable for a much larger market than the Izod Lacoste variety, but the only easily visible difference is the alligator monogram. Looking around my office, I've noticed that virtually all the men, from the mailroom guys to the department heads, are dressed similarly.

As companies have gotten more monarchical, all their employees have become *sans-culottes*. The functional and symbolic reasons for distinctive dress have diminished. The newly industrialized society that gave birth to the suit has metamorphosed into a mass service economy, with a relatively small proportion of the population laboring in dirty jobs that require plain, easily washable clothes. College-educated workers—the former suit-wearing classes—are now nearly as likely to lose their jobs as blue-collar workers. The image that comes to mind is from Busby Berkeley's *Gold Diggers of 1933*—those endless ranks of jobless World War I veterans trudging through the Piranesian production number "My Forgotten Man." Nowadays, they'd wear khakis and pinpoint oxford shirts instead of uniforms and helmets. Progress—of a sort.

JAY WEISER is a lawyer living in New York.

MOSTAR POSTCARD

RIVER PHOENIX?

By Samantha Power

The stone desert of western Herzegovina boasts more tinted-windowed 1995 Mercedes and fewer indoor toilets per capita than any other region in the new, triethnic Bosnia-Herzegovina. Mladen Naletilic Tuta, the local "godfather," probably owns an equal number of both. Tuta admits to carrying out more than ninety terrorist acts across Europe for the "Croat cause"; he prides himself on his links to Carlos the Jackal, to the IRA and to Croatian Defense Minister Gojko Susak. His résumé includes casino manager, Croat "convicts' brigade" leader and Bosnian federation saboteur. Though he suffers from migraines caused by the shrapnel lodged in his head, Tuta is flourishing. Winked at by Croat police and politicians and unmoved by the laments of Mostar's European Union administration, he and his militant allies have caroused freely for four years—allegedly hijacking humanitarian relief convoys, running drug and prostitution rings and doing their utmost to stuff their foreign bank accounts and divide Bosnia.

Nearly two years after Washington forged a federation between Bosnian Muslims and Croats, and eighteen months after the E.U. arrived in Mostar with bottomless pockets and bountiful reunification schemes, pontoon bridges link the two sides of the city. Yet, fundamentally, Mostar remains split along Muslim and Croat lines. Western diplomats who once hoped a united Mostar would inspire the rest of the Muslim-Croat federation now struggle to keep the city's animosities from infecting the emerging state and spoiling the early promise of the Dayton agreement. To succeed they will have to confront the Bosnian war's only winners: Croats and crooks.

Like the NATO peace implementation force (IFOR) deployed in December, the multinational E.U. administration arrived in Mostar in 1994 brandishing a historic document. The Memorandum of Understanding "committed" besieged Muslims in East Mostar and besieging Croats in West Mostar to a joint police force, full freedom of movement and unity in what was once the most ethnically mixed city in all of Bosnia (34 percent Muslim, 33 percent Croat, 19 percent Serb, 12 percent "Yugoslav"). Thanks to the rapaciousness of criminal gangs, the intransigence of local Croat politicians and the (at best) indifference of Zagreb, the E.U. administration has struck out. The only thriving cross-river industry in Mostar is crime. "Our first mistake was believing their signatures meant anything," explains Klaus Metscher, the weary German deputy chief of mission.

Ironically, the United States' latest round of diplomatic handiwork has exacerbated tensions in Mostar. Under the terms of the Dayton agreement, more than 60,000 IFOR troops swooped into Bosnia to separate what used to be known as rebel Serbs from the "federation" of Muslims and Croats. But none were charged with protecting the federation from itself. Peacekeepers who patrolled the old Muslim-Croat front lines were hastily relocated. The Spanish soldiers in the once-maligned but now sorely missed "*manana* battalion" used to wear blue helmets and monitor the town's demilitarization; now they don camouflage and man an area ten times the size. "The IFOR has just arrived, and they think everything is OK between the Muslims and Croats," says an incredulous Spanish colonel. "We have been here three years, and we know better." Paralyzed by their fears of mission creep, the American IFOR commanders crow about their (real) achievements elsewhere in Bosnia but refuse to adjust troop deployment to the grim ground realities in Mostar.

Vocal Croats in the local police, military and municipal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government who make no secret of their opposition to unification now flaunt their new-found immunity. During a recent military parade the Herzegovina Croats showcased a daunting arsenal of heavy hardware in the same stadium where they tortured and starved Muslim prisoners in 1993. Dressed in Darth Vader black, Bosnian Croat local commander Mladen Misic appeared on West Mostar television, unrepentant about violating the E.U. rules. "Here we are dealing with a handful of lepers, and we will not succumb," Misic vowed, adding, "If we had only received high-level orders from our leaders long ago, these people not only would not have approached [Mostar] but would not be here at all." He said Muslims have no place governing Bosnia: "[Croatian President Franjo] Tudjman was given Bosnia, [Serbian President Slobodan] Milosevic Kosovo and the Sandzak province, and everything has been signed." Across the front line in the internationally recognized "entity" of Republika Srpska a Serb soldier agrees, spelling out the regional allotment of contempt: "We Serbs hate the Muslims, but the Croats ... wow!! ... do they hate the Muslims!!"

Before Dayton, the exasperated European administrators could take solace in the fact that their mere presence in Mostar had helped stop the killing there. But just a few days after the agreement accorded the city's Muslim women, children and elderly unlimited freedom of movement, the case of 17-year-old Alen Mustovic changed even that. Mustovic, the son of a west bank Croat mother and an east bank Muslim father, decided to usher in the New Year with a foolhardy 5 a.m. jaunt past Croat checkpoints into the forbidden west. In a gesture of New Year's ill will, Croat policemen in front of the Hotel Ero, the European administration's plush home, welcomed their uninvited guest by peppering his Volkswagen with gunfire. One bullet pierced Mustovic's headrest and lodged between his shoulder blades. Unaware it had also grazed his aorta, the teenager drove his white Golf and three friends back to safety in East Mostar, then slumped over his steering wheel and died.

In 1993 Croat nationalists proclaimed Mostar the "capital" of their breakaway "Republic of Herzeg-Bosna," herded Muslims into an east bank ghetto and shelled them relentlessly for nearly a year. Having prospered both politically and financially from a divided Bosnia (charging a $10 customs toll for any commercial vehicle traversing Herzeg-Bosna) and fearing retribution for their sins, many Croats (and not a few profiteering Muslims) are in no hurry to see the ethnically cleansed Croat para-state absorbed into the new Bosnia. The New Year's drama afforded the notoriously unlawful Croat police chief with a golden opportunity to subvert the federation, and he began ranting about the young Bosnian's "terrorist attack." Croat police then picked off two of their Muslim counterparts on patrol, badly injuring them. When the Muslims succumbed to tit-for-tat, shooting and killing a Croat policeman, the Croat army targeted a Bosnian military base with rocket-propelled grenades.

A week of rainstorms, the ad hoc dispatch of a Spanish armored patrol and a fusillade of warnings from Klaus Kinkel and Bill Clinton temporarily quieted tensions. But on February 7, when the E.U. administrator, Hans Koschnik, announced the creation of a multiethnic voting district in Mostar, Croat police watched as an angry, nationalist mob stormed the Hotel Ero. Between Croat anthems, the crowd burned the E.U. flag and threatened to hang Koschnik, who promptly went into hiding. The 180-person, twelve-nation West European Union police team, which is not permitted to make arrests, is powerless to tackle Mostar's trademark mobs and thugs. Only Zagreb can do that. "In the end someone made Milosevic responsible for all Serbs," says Metscher, the E.U. deputy. "In the end someone must make Tudjman responsible for all Croats."

There is still a sliver of hope. On February 10, Tudjman is scheduled to send 100 police from Croatia to Mostar to help rein in well-armed opponents of law and peace like the gang leader Tuta. But many fear that this kind of intervention will in the end only fortify "Greater Croatia." Even now it's tough to tell where Croatia ends and Croat-controlled Bosnia begins. Towns held by Bosnian Croats use neighboring Croatia's *kuna* as their currency. Though Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia are separate states, a call from West Mostar to Zagreb is considered a local phone call and requires no country prefix. And on virtually every jagged Herzegovinian bend, a billboard depicts a bow-tied President Tudjman looking self-satisfied and vacant beside the campaign slogan, "THE RIGHT MAN AND THE RIGHT PARTY AT THE RIGHT TIME." Never mind that it is, theoretically, the wrong country.

After the signing of the Dayton accord, Tuta permitted a Croatian journalist unusual access to his palm-treed villa in western Herzegovina. He said he wasn't sorry for the role his soldiers played in the destruction of Mostar's sixteenth-century bridge, Stari Most, exclaiming, "I would have destroyed it to get even for a damaged nail on a child's little finger." Tuta has no faith in Dayton: "I never gave the survival of Yugoslavia any chance.... But I give even less of a chance to the survival of Bosnia-Herzegovina. I do not know why they want to create another powder keg."

Down the road from Tuta's villa, the E.U.-funded and soon-to-be-completed Carinski bridge rises from the ashes of Mostar's east bank and the forbidding barricades of the west, arching elegantly over the rushing waters below. It is the most visible fruit of $200 million worth of E.U. attempts to reunite the city's two tormented halves. As they rebuild the bridge, ordinary Muslims and Croats are cooperating more closely than they have since they fended off Serb attacks together in 1992. But for now, to the delight of the war's winners, the Muslim laborers stick to their half of the bridge and the Croats to theirs.

SAMANTHA POWER covered the war in the former Yugoslavia from 1993 to 1995.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Good-bye, EAI?

Recent months have been disastrous for Education Alternatives, Inc. (EAI). In November, Baltimore pulled the plug on the for-profit company's contract to manage 11 Baltimore schools—eighteen months before the contract was due to expire. In late January, Hartford, which had hired EAI to run its entire school system in October 1994, said good-bye after months of bickering between the two parties about how much EAI would be paid. And all this came on top of EAI's failure at South Pointe Elementary School in Dade County, Florida, last summer. Despite the outside money EAI had pulled in—and its claims of extraordinary success—an independent study found that South Pointe students achieved no better than similar students in other district schools. So Dade County declined to renew EAI's contract. And EAI, which had hyped itself to superintendents and school boards all over the country, claiming it could quickly and dramatically improve student achievement with the same per-pupil expenditure, was left without a single contract—and with egg all over its face.

There is no reason to be surprised. Many people greeted EAI as the idea of the future in school reform. Indeed, in 1992, when the ink was hardly dry on EAI's contract with Baltimore, then-Education Secretary Lamar Alexander gave the company a "Breaking-the-Mold" award for "successful educational innovation." But EAI had no qualifications. It had no experience in running urban schools; it had no curriculum and no blueprint for raising standards and achievement for Baltimore's underachieving students, or students anywhere else, for that matter.

If I announced I was about to mass-produce an automobile that would outperform all the cars currently on the market, people would greet my claims with skepticism. They'd ask, Where's your factory? Who's backing you? What revolution in design will make this car possible? But nobody asked EAI any tough questions. The company got a free ride because it uttered some magic words: It would institute a program that was "bold" and "innovative." Because it had "management expertise," it would know how to slash bureaucracy and waste. In doing so it would find enough money to improve the schools *and* make money for its stockholders.

Time has revealed that the emperor has no clothes. An independent study of Baltimore schools last year found little difference between EAI schools and the rest: Student achievement has not improved—in fact, reading scores are down; technology is not being more effectively used; parents are not more involved. And EAI did not run its schools with the same per-pupil allowance given to other schools in the system: The only significant difference between EAI and Baltimore's other schools was that EAI got an extra $18 million.

EAI has been able to keep afloat partly because the media have helped to give it an aura of credibility. There were exceptions. For example, Joe Rigert of the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune* did a 1994 series on EAI in which he tested the company's claims against its performance. But in many stories, EAI's claims were accepted at face value and presented as fact—even after it was obvious that they were questionable, if not outright lies. The bias was often visible right up front—in the headlines:

- "Bold Stroke for Education: Baltimore Schools Open to a Bold, New Experiment" (*Washington Post*, September 2, 1992). How would readers be likely to respond to a story about EAI coming to Baltimore after reading these headlines?
- "Why Smith Decided to Call in the Cavalry: Baltimore Schools Convinced D.C. Superintendent There Is a Way Around Bureaucracy" (*Washington Post*, December 14, 1993). You haven't heard of EAI before? This makes clear that they are a bunch of heroic rescuers.
- And how about this headline from the *Hartford Advocate* (June 23, 1994) for letting readers know well in advance who they should be rooting for: "Will the Pols Blow School Reform?" (The story continues, "The question now is whether Hartford's warring pols will squander the most promising opportunity to reform the schools in years?")

Lots of media coverage insisted that the union had opposed EAI from the start. This approach injected an element of drama into the stories—if EAI is having trouble, it must be because of an adversarial relationship with the union rather than its own incompetence. The fact is, EAI won its first public school contract at South Pointe with the support of the union. And though Baltimore was a different proposition from South Pointe, we supported EAI in Baltimore, as well—until it became clear that they were behaving more like authoritarian bosses out of Charles Dickens than modern employers in the knowledge industry. What about Hartford? By that time, there was plenty of reason to oppose EAI, and we did. Nevertheless, they won a contract to manage the entire system. They lost it because they antagonized the very people on whom their success depended; I call that poor management.

Is EAI finished? Not unless people have decided that they need to deal with a business that manages schools the way they deal with any other business. And not unless the press has decided to stop hyping EAI's performance and start looking at it. Otherwise, EAI can go on courting school boards. And school boards, which are political creatures, are likely to be impressed by talk of cutting bureaucracy and squeezing out waste and fat, even though EAI has done nothing of the kind. (As I write this, the school board in Wappingers Falls, New York, is considering hiring EAI.)

The other day, a reporter asked me whether EAI's problems will keep other companies from entering the school management field. The answer depends on whose "problems" you are talking about. EAI's stockholders might not be interested in buying stock in another school management firm. The school systems that wasted time and money pursuing an educational dead end might think twice before hiring another EAI. But the problems undoubtedly look different if you are a member of EAI's top brass. Some of them, like founder and chairman of the board John Golle, are not losers. They knew when to sell their stock and when to hold on. So the school systems that believed EAI's plausible lies are out time and money—and the youngsters in their schools have lost time they could ill afford. But the people who knew how to play the system? They have done very nicely, thank you.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OREGON POSTCARD

MAIL ORDER

By Robert Sullivan

For me, the big difference between a vote-by-mail election and a regular one is that, once arrived, the ballot in a vote-by-mail election feels more like homework than a civic responsibility, more like a bill to pay. Granted, it's easier than taking out the garbage: you fill in the little oval next to the name of the candidate of your choice using a No. 2 pencil, the pencil preferred by the state; seal the ballot in the "secrecy envelope"; sign another envelope, put a stamp on it, drop it in the mail and wait to find out who gets to fill Bob Packwood's Senate seat. So simple is it that about half the people who voted in Oregon's vote-by-mail elections mailed in their ballot within the first few days, only very rarely forgetting to sign it. But in my own electoral universe, the three-week voting window closed with supernatural speed; I hung onto the ballot half for political purposes—suppose a revealing fact about the candidate comes up after I drop my ballot in the mail box?—and half for purposes of procrastination. In previous vote-by-mail elections (this was the first statewide one), I have waited until the last half hour, when I end up rushing down to drop my ballot at the county elections office. By the time I get home—I tend to stop at the store on the way back—the election has been called on the news.

For elections officials, vote-by-mail is like a giant absentee ballot vote, an electoral pleasure. "I love it! I love it!" says Vicki Ervin, the director of Multnomah County elections. Never mind that Bill Lunch, a political science professor at Oregon State University, and an opponent of vote-by-mail, argues that the thirty-two-cent stamp amounts to a poll tax and may be unconstitutional. It was in part because of vote-by-mail's similarity to absentee balloting that the national Democratic Party so vehemently opposed it when it was first considered last summer. The White House even put pressure on Governor John Kitzhaber, a Democrat, to veto the bill that would have made vote-by-mail law. (Kitzhaber deemed it an experiment.) During the last congressional elections here, absentee votes were Republicans' strong card and quietly pushed congressional Republican candidates over the edge in close races. The DNC's concerns also stemmed from self-doubt: despite the fact that vote-by-mail has increased turnouts in local Oregon elections by as much as 20 percent and that larger turnouts tend to help Democrats, Democrats consider themselves less likely than Republicans to send in the ballots.

Some of the more fretful opponents of vote-by-mail raised the specter of fraud and illegal influence. A Ron Wyden campaign member I spoke with in the weeks before the primary campaign was sounding paranoid about what might take place in rural—and conservative—churches. Republicans, meanwhile, were gloating about laser-printed letter capabilities, about expensive, out-of-state phone banks.

So it was that at the end of November, when the first ballots were scheduled to arrive in Portland at the Multnomah County elections office, there were scores of observers from the campaigns of Congressmen Wyden and Peter DeFazio, waiting to identify fraud as soon as it turned up in the hands of the mostly elderly women who are the lifeblood of the American political system. The ballots came in; they were accounted for; the signatures were verified with the help of a computer system that called up a scanned signature for every voter in the county. No whistles were blown. Within an hour, most of the observers had gone out for coffee. "They found out how boring it is," Ervin said.

Throughout the primary's three-week balloting period, I realized the same thing. A few days into it, I met a woman who happened to be a graphologist and was observing the election on behalf of the Wyden campaign, and she said she noticed a few signatures that indicated possible stress on the part of women who, she theorized, might have been influenced by their husbands, or vice versa. All told, however, the problem ballots numbered only about 300. The most significant development was the creation of our nation's first vote-by-mail non-postal drop-off booths. The one constructed by Multnomah County was a ten-foot-tall red, white and blue box that looked like a phone booth and had just enough room for two election officials and a space heater. "We're very proud of this," Ervin said.

On the last night of the primary, late in the afternoon, as she emerged from the sealed-off vote-counting room, Donna Knutson, the county official in charge of vote tallies, seemed embarrassed to admit that the major problem for the counting machines was food stuck to the ballots—many voters had apparently filled theirs out at the kitchen table. Finally, at a few minutes after 8:00, more than 90 percent of the votes were counted, and the results were announced. Secretary of State Phil Keisling, a Democrat and the number-one fan of vote-by-mail, announced that, in addition to a high turnout (at 57 percent, the highest nonpresidential primary turnout ever in the state), participation by registered Democrats seemed to have increased by a percentage point or two.

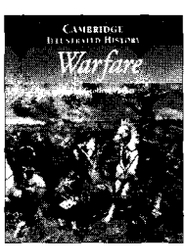
The general election—a contest between Wyden and State Senator and frozen-vegetable magnate Gordon Smith—was one long and grueling telemarketing campaign. The initial negative ads quickly dashed hopes that vote-by-mail would somehow make campaigning cleaner in tone. Then, it seemed as if everyone in Port-

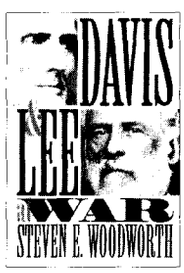
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Engage.

University Press Selections from Barnes & Noble.

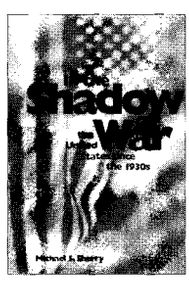
The Cambridge Illustrated History of Warfare
by Geoffrey Parker
Authoritative narratives combine with vivid illustrations and archival maps to document the history of war on land, sea and air in this encyclopedic reference covering the battles, campaigns, strategies and fighting techniques that have shaped the modern world. *(Cambridge University Press)*
$39.95





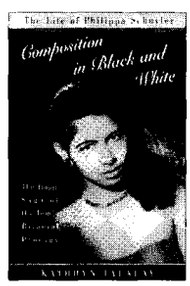
Davis & Lee at War
by Steven E. Woodworth
The account of Confederate military failures that began in *Jefferson Davis and His Generals* continues with this incisive study of Lee, the South's greatest military leader, and Davis, his rebel commander-in-chief, whose conflicting views on battlefield strategy sealed the Confederacy's fate.
(University Press of Kansas)
$29.95

In the Shadow of War
by Michael S. Sherry
"A brilliant analysis of U.S. social, cultural, political, economic and diplomatic history from the 1930s to the present through the lens of the history of militarization. It is a major work, splendidly nuanced and finely textured."
—Marilyn B. Young, New York University
(Yale University Press)
$35.00



Keeping Together in Time
by William H. McNeill
Could something as simple as falling into step have marked us for evolutionary success? McNeill answers with a resounding yes in this scholarly tour de force that traces the profound role rhythmic movement has played in creating and sustaining human communities through the ages.
(Harvard University Press)
$22.00

To Save China, To Save Ourselves
by Renqiu Yu
Drawing from Chinese newspapers and oral interviews, Yu reconstructs the history of the Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance in this compelling chronicle of the East Coast labor organization. Winner of the 1993 Outstanding Book in History Award, Association for Asian American Studies.
(Temple University Press)
$19.95



Composition in Black and White
by Kathryn Talalay
The tragic life of Philippa Duke Schuyler, biracial child prodigy of the Harlem Renaissance, unfolds against three tumultuous decades in this brilliant portrait that's "an invaluable addition to African-American biography."—Arnold Rampersad, Princeton University
(Oxford University Press)
$30.00

Available at these and many other Barnes & Noble locations.

Books for Serious Readers.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

New York City, NY	Paramus, NJ	Princeton, NJ	Georgetown, Wash. DC	Seattle, WA	Berkeley, CA
33 East 17th Street	765 Route 17 South	3535 US Route 1	3040 "M" Street NW	2700 NE University Village	2352 Shattuck Avenue
(212) 253-0810	(201) 445-4589	(609) 897-9250	(202) 965-9880	(206) 517-4107	(510) 644-0861

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land got a call from somebody. In both the primary and the general election, the campaigns first made voter ID calls, to determine who their likely supporters were, then followed up with copious mailings. After a few days, the campaigns began to purchase the county's computerized records of exactly who had voted. This turned out to be a formatting nightmare, with counties using everything from SyQuest disks to old keypunch cards while the campaigns split fairly evenly along party lines between more modern Macs and IBMs.

In the final days, the race appeared to be too close to call—local news editors agreed not to publish results of the voting thus far—and the money was leaning toward Smith, whose mailings and TV ads had been exemplary in their Bob Robertsian slickness. Some people I know were called more than once, others were called after they had already voted. People were beginning to feel accosted; at least one woman left a message on her answering machine announcing that she had already voted. In the end, it was as if Ron Wyden was MCI Friends and Family Calling, Gordon Smith was AT&T.

On election day, if it can still be called that, Wyden supporters lined busy intersections in Portland, but the events were mainly exercises in anti-climax. At a little after 8:00, when Wyden appeared to have edged ahead, the 1 percent margin that would stand over the next few days had already been calculated. Yet the TV reporters continued to chant the phrases "We're still waiting for the rural vote to come in" and "It's going to be a long night" as if reading from the old script. In fact, the rural county figures were likely to have been tallied first, the majority of their votes having come in days before. It was a short night. Wyden had won, and the predominant thinking was that the Republican strategy had backfired, that the negative ads had induced all those people with loaded ballots at hand to vote. In the two key counties in the metropolitan area, Wyden was able to edge by in part with an environmental vote, after reminding voters that Smith's frozen-vegetable factory has a tendency to leak frozen-vegetable tailings.

When my political party called me, I considered their offer to drop by and pick up my vote at the last minute; it was so cold out that our car door was frozen shut. My friend Jim thought I was crazy. "I wouldn't trust my ballot to anyone," he said. And my wife wondered if the party workers could figure out where we live, since delivery people never can. So I drove down to the elections office again, which was fun. The last night of a vote-by-mail election is a new civic phenomenon entirely. People hand off ballots from their car windows to shivering election workers, like voting football stars. It's tax night without the taxes. By the time I got home, I had a quart of milk, some D batteries, tortilla chips and a brand-new senator. Now Senator Mark Hatfield has announced his resignation, and, like all of Oregon, I am bracing for another wave of phone calls.

ROBERT SULLIVAN is a contributing editor at *Vogue*.

How Dole can come back to life.

DEAD MAN WALKING

By Matthew Cooper

On a presidential trip earlier this winter, Bill Clinton put in a phone call to Newt Gingrich. As the two pols chatted about the budget and other business, their talk turned to Bob Dole. Sizing, gauging, figuring out the angles—Clinton wanted to know Gingrich's take on Dole. How was he doing? What about Forbes? Did Dole have the room on his right to cut a real deal? When Clinton put down the phone, a senior official turned to the president and asked why he was concerned about Bob Dole, of all people. Clinton didn't appreciate the humor. "I have to know what he's up against—whether he can make a deal, whether I gotta wait," Clinton said. But Clinton's worry seemed fueled by more than FY '96. After a pause, he mused: "I have some responsibility to think about what happens if I don't make it." I will make it, Clinton added, but if I don't, he's the only one of these guys who could do the job.

It's come to this: if only the Republicans in Manchester and Des Moines thought as well of Bob Dole as Bill Clinton does. Forget enthusiasm. Grudging respect is about the best the 72-year-old can hope for now. If Dole survives, it won't be because he sprang upright in his coffin the way Clinton did in 1992. It won't be because he found his soul, the way Walter Mondale did in 1984. Back then, the Minnesotan with the gentle mien made "Old Democrat" a term of endearment and turned Gary Hart's "new ideas" into "Where's the beef?" Dole's survival now depends on sheer ballast, the tonnage of the Republican establishment.

In Ames, last week there was no sign of a fired-up Dole. Enraged by Steve Forbes? Hardly. In 1992, Clinton's crowd seethed venom toward Paul Tsongas. To them he was a lobbyist and a liar; as sanctimonious as he was nerdy. Rage drove the Comeback Kid. But, like a man with an ulcer, Dole's been told to take his Zantac and not get too type-A. You know, the temper thing. And so Dole's still speaking in that staccato way: "leadership," "been tested," "know the way." Nostalgia reigns. Dole told the sedate crowd at his Iowa state town meeting about 1960, when Eisenhower gave his freshman congressional class a tour of the Gettysburg battlefield, unlike Newt's frosh, who partied with Rush during their orientation. He could have been talking about Waterloo or Sparta. Little wonder the campaign relies on endorsements from Iowa's graybeards: Senator Chuck Grassley, Congressmen Jim Leach and Jim Light-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foot. Dole even turns to ghosts for endorsements: "Anyone remember H.R. Gross? Saved Congress millions," he asked the crowd, referring to a long-gone Iowa congressman. As always, Dole's most poignant moment comes when he turns to World War II, when he trades in *Robert's Rules of Order* for *The Best Years of Our Lives.* "I come from the flatlands of Kansas, and I wound up in the mountain division," Dole says of himself and the boys who took much of Southern Italy.

It's the mountains of New Hampshire that Dole can't scale. In 1976, he made his first appearance on a national ticket as the right-winger who replaced Rockefeller. Clinton, at the time, had his Arkansas attorney general's race locked up, and so he went to campaign for the Carter-Mondale ticket. As David Maraniss notes, Clinton kinda liked Ford and found it hard to bash him, but it was easier, wrote the 30-year-old Clinton to a friend, now that "the biggest prick in Congress is on the ticket." Hatchet man, they called Dole. In 1980, still considered mean, Dole finished last in New Hampshire—behind truly irritable backbenchers like Phil Crane. In 1988, he was Bushwhacked. Now, Dole is reduced to a campaign that invokes "experience" and "leadership" at a time when such qualities are disdained.

How did it all turn so sour? In a tactical sense, the collapse goes back to 1995, a year when Newt waved the flag, but Dole built a fortress. First, there was Dole's charm offensive. He courted everyone. The years' worth of debts were called in, and Dole wound up with a bevy of endorsements. Team Dole proudly cites the past presidents of the Iowa Pork Producers who back their candidate. Governors, ward heelers, Christian Coalition activists: they all lined up. More importantly, Dole positioned himself at Newt's elbow. The Contract was a House document, but Dole sidled up to it. He made it clear, through his innumerable photo ops, that he was committed to moving the Gingrich agenda through the Senate. The cozying up to Newt kept the right at bay. Phil Gramm had carped throughout 1995 that Dole was a dealer who'd betray the revolution. But Dole's daily efforts on behalf of Gingrich belied Gramm's charge, contributing to his downfall.

The budget fight, though, broke down Dole's aura of invincibility. For one thing, the budget talks simply kept Dole from campaigning. At one point, before a late December trip to Iowa, Dole had been absent from the state for fifty-two straight days. Originally, Dole's advisers didn't mind. Their man dominated the news; he could skip debates with Lilliputians like Alan Keyes or Bob Dornan, saying that he had real work in Washington and couldn't be bothered to show up at stagy events like Larry King's Orlando debate. But Dole didn't spend his time away from the trail honing a message. And, when the budget no longer dominated the news, there was no sense of what he would *do* as president, only the mantra that he was ready.

But Dole's collapse is ultimately less about him than about the changing nature of his Republican Party. The GOP's journey from touring Gettysburg with Ike to partying with Rush is persuasively chronicled in a new book, *Storming the Gates,* by Dan Balz and Ronald Brownstein. Fueled by larger issues of economic insecurity and cultural jitteriness, the "antigovernment coalition" of the Gingrichites and their attendant lobbies like the NRA have pretty much overturned the gentler era of Dole. The genial Midwesterners like Bob Michel, the former House speaker, have been toppled by Texans with a fiery agenda, the Armeys of the Night. In the early '80s, Dole felt free to joke about a busload of supply-siders going off a cliff. Tragic, wasn't it? Three of the seats were empty. Now Dole has to bite his tongue.

Where does Dole go from here? "No change," says a senior Dole adviser. "We just keep pressing ahead with the message." The idea, says the adviser, is simply to keep talking about experience and have the senator's proxies keep endorsing him. The campaign's talking points in Iowa now stress that Bob Dole is "one of us." New ads from media adviser Stuart Stevens show Senator Grassley in a barn touting Dole's Iowa ties. Many on the ground, though, doubt even a new strategy could make much difference. "There's not much he can do now," says Kim Schmett, GOP chairman of Polk County, which includes Des Moines. "People know Bob Dole so well." The collapse of Gramm cheers the Dole crew; Alexander remains the only contender they think could survive until the convention. Buchanan can't last, and Forbes, they think, will collapse when his preppie past catches up to him. "What's the toughest question he's ever faced?" asks Stevens. "Red or white?"

The war among the other candidates may help Dole. But is there some other way he can pull himself out of this? There are hints of the answer in Dole's speeches. Before the National Governors' Association in Washington last week Dole was mostly mumbles. He whipped the Tenth Amendment out of his breast pocket, a tip of the hat to devolution. And he talked about the farm bill. But he also made a point that's finding a place in his talks: getting things done. "I'm one who believes our government does a lot of good things, and, don't misunderstand, I've never been one of those people who said we should unload the federal government."

The conservative who can get it done, a majority-leader-turned-president, an LBJ who can dismantle LBJ's handiwork. It's not a bad pitch. School vouchers, prayer in school, tort reform, the gag rule, Justice Bork—these are the things that make conservatives orgasmic. Dole could stress that he's the one—the only one—who can actually make it happen. The strategy would be more than bragging about leadership. It would show Republicans the benefit of leadership. Could it work? It's been a strange year. When President Clinton walked out of the Oval Office on Monday, January 22, and saw Steve Forbes on the cover of *Newsweek* and *Time* he shook his head in amazement. If Dole can tie the abstract notion of leadership to ideas, he can push Forbes off the cover. And Clinton won't be amused or pitying. He'll be afraid. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the road with Lamar Alexander.

SINKING, SHINING TENNESSEAN

By Ruth Shalit

The most plausible primary scenario now in play features something called chaos theory. It goes like this: Forbes mortally wounds Dole, but remains too weak to beat Clinton himself. As Republicans realize that choosing Forbes would be tantamount to ceding the White House to the Democrats, eyes focus on the second tier. *Lamar?* "We've been marching underwater for a year now," says Mike Murphy, Alexander's media consultant. "Now things are happening right on schedule. Dole's bubble has burst. Forbes is dropping like the pet rock that he is. Gramm is dead in New Hampshire.... We have survived the absolute, cynical dismissal of the snide, know-it-all Georgetown set, the useless chatter about why he hasn't broken through. We've survived snickers about the shirt and 2 percent.... Now we're going to come blasting out of Iowa and give Dole the race of his life."

It's easy to dismiss Murphy's talking points as the effusions of a queasy spin doctor; but there's a chance he may be right. Alexander is the only candidate whose favorable ratings have gone steadily up—and unfavorables down—since the race began. And he seems to be making quiet headway: according to the latest tracking surveys, Alexander is now alone in third place in New Hampshire—up from 4 percent in May to 12 percent now—and with Gramm and Buchanan in a cluster for third place in Iowa. Forbes, for one, has identified the threat. Last week, he sought to bludgeon the beshirted one in TV ad spots. "What's behind Lamar Alexander and his red flannel shirt?" intones an ominous-sounding male announcer.

Good question. Until now, the pundits have scoffed at Alexander's gimmickry; and journalists have stayed away. "GOP hopeful to embark on final Iowa campaign swing," reads the latest Alexander press release, dated February 2. "Space Still Available for Media Aboard Campaign Aircraft." Conservatives have deserted him. Alexander, Christopher Caldwell wrote recently in *The Weekly Standard*, seems "on the verge of proving H.L. Mencken wrong by suffering a humiliating loss that will result from underestimating the intelligence of the American people." At a recent Progress and Freedom Foundation conference, the neocon glitterati were even more pitiless in their assessment. *Lamar's speaking fees are going to go way down*, the wingers twittered. *Will the Washington Speakers Bureau even want him?*

Alexander deserves better, from pundits and voters. No, he's not Bruce Babbitt. But neither is he Forrest Gump. Smarter and more experienced than most of his rivals, Alexander may have both the outsider appeal and the softer edge needed to win back voters turned off by Gingrichism. A respected college president (the University of Tennessee, 1988-91), a better-than-average Education Secretary, Alexander was arguably the best governor of the 1980s. The fresh-faced Alexander "had a halo," says James Souby, director of the Western Governors' Association in Denver. "Whatever he touched turned to gold." During Alexander's two terms, Tennessee achieved a triple-A bond rating, became the first state in the country to enact merit pay for teachers and moved from the country's third-lowest in per-capita family income to its twenty-fifth highest. The state's flamboyant turnaround made the cover of *National Geographic*, which in 1986 paid homage to a "Rising, Shining Tennessee."

Of course, Tennessee didn't rise and shine through laissez-faire alone. Though he doesn't tout it in his campaign literature, Alexander, like Clinton, repeatedly raised state taxes to pay for the educational innovations he enacted. And he was far from an unbending apostle of downsizing. As the Reaganauts threatened to dismantle federal government, the Tennessee governor launched the bipartisan Southern Leadership Exchange, a training program based on the premise that local and state government would have to fill in the gaps. "As governor, he was the Republican equivalent of Clinton," says former National Performance Review director David Osborne, whose 1988 reform manifesto, *Laboratories of Democracy*, includes an admiring chapter on Lamar. "He was very much what the New Democrats were about.... He's Gary Hart, but with a very stable and healthy character."

In a primary field riven by back-biting, Alexander's sterling personal qualities and pragmatic, third-way instincts should have had the press cooing. But as the brawling "outsider" in the race, he soft-pedaled his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tired of political correctness?

Committed to quality education?

Interested in studying America from the critical distance of a top British University?

The Institute of United States Studies in the University of London
offers a one year full-time or two year part-time
MA degree in United States Studies.

Course offerings for 1996-97 include American political thought, constitutional history, economic history, music, literature, war studies, politics, history, economic geography and foreign policy.
The tuition fees for the full degree program for American students amount to approximately $9,000.

Applications for the 1996-97 academic year are now being accepted. For further information, please call, write or fax:
The Institute of United States Studies, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU.
Telephone 44 171 636 8000 ext 5100. Fax 44 171 580 7352. e-mail IUSS@sas.ac.uk

American Advisory Board: Saul Bellow, Raoul Berger, Charles Blitzer, Ambassador Henry Catto, Roger Ebert, John Kenneth Galbraith, Mary Ann Glendon, Robert A Goldwin, Hanna Holborn Gray, A E Dick Howard, Harvey C Mansfield, Jr, Roger Mudd, Martin Peretz, Ambassador Charles H Price II, Ambassador Elliot Richardson, Arthur M Schlesinger, Jr, Ambassador Raymond G H Seitz, Judge William H Webster and George F Will.

Professor Gary L McDowell, Director
The Baroness Thatcher of Kesteven, Chairman of the Board

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moderate proclivities, downplaying his long record of cheerful government service and improbably declaring himself "pro-life" (though he wants fewer abortions, he has no desire to ban the procedure).

Now that Steve Forbes has made the world safe for social moderates, though, Alexander seems to have found his voice again. "Somehow, our party's gotten painted way off into a corner," he says these days. "And that's not where we ought to be." He defends the environmental legislation that his congressional confreres are trying to gut, arguing that Republicans "should be the champions of the great outdoors ... of clean air, clean water, an open space to walk in. Our party is doing a poor job on conservation."

Then there's the issue of race. As a student leader in the early '60s at Vanderbilt, Alexander agitated for racial tolerance—a fact pounced upon by Phil Gramm's opposition-research squad, which put their own spin on Alexander's integrationist editorials in materials the Gramm campaign distributed in Florida. In a series of eloquent newspaper columns, the collegiate Alexander denounced the university's mush-mouthed policy as "cowardly" and demanded to know "will qualified Negroes be admitted to the undergraduate school?... If not, for what reason?... It will be a blot upon the university's reputation if the administration continues to avoid the issue." Alone among the Republican candidates, he includes in his stump speech a plea for racial healing: "I can see an America ... where we don't start a conversation with a new friend by looking at the color of their skin."

So why has Lamar, with his humble garb and neighborly ways, done so badly so far? Many blame the shirt. Though Alexander no longer clads himself in plaid, he encourages his (mostly female) precinct leaders to ham it up—plaid coatdresses, plaid puffed-sleeved blouses, plaid jackets with black velvet collars. During campaign appearances, he often pulls the rumpled item out of a plastic bag and brandishes it menacingly. "*The Washington Post* didn't like it," he declaims. "Michael Kinsley didn't like it. That's fine by me." He then bestows the shirt on a "distinguished American"—usually, the pimply intern who has just ferried him from the airport.

According to Alexander's handlers, the shirt is supposed to symbolize the candidate's commonsensical solutions, his discomfort with pomp and circumstance. "It's just who Lamar is," says Mary Breen, director of his Iowa campaign. "He's comfortable and warm and familiar. He's low-key and unpretentious.... Iowans are tired of fancy-looking politicians." Alas, it is in Iowa—the state where the political gimmick was born—that the shirt bombs the biggest. "Does he think we're hicks?" I hear one Bettendorf, Iowa, woman ask another.

LAMAR ALEXANDER BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The irony is that while the shirt is regularly denounced as a disastrous ploy dreamed up by image consultants, it is the brainchild not of handlers, but of the candidate himself. It seems that in 1974, when Alexander lost his first race for governor, he wore custom-made blue suits and a somber expression. In 1978, when he decided to run again, he resolved his campaign would be decidedly un-slick. "I found my purpose ... walking 1,000 miles across Tennessee, wearing the same red and black flannel shirt each and every day," he writes in his memoir, *Six Months Off*. "Walking along the side of the highway, waving at every car and truck! Never available for campaign meetings! 'He's acting a fool,' some of the Republicans said." But Alexander is no longer a homespun country lawyer; and what passed for humility eighteen years ago now smacks of artifice and slick packaging. Lamar aides now point to the semiotics of the shirt as the campaign's "single greatest tactical error." "If only the media had known a little bit of its history," laments one.

If the flannel-clad candidate's garb is too lowbrow, Alexander's message may be too highbrow. When he started out, Alexander's message was anti-Congress,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demanding to "cut their pay and send them home." But then the Republicans won the Congress, and the message became a little awkward. So Alexander, desperate for a new idea, succumbed to Arianna Huffington and her apostles of "effective compassion." Huffington says she first met Alexander in 1994, when he came out to Santa Barbara to help campaign for her husband, Michael. "Even then," she says, "he was addressing the issues I was beginning to explore." When her favorite-son candidates, Gingrich and Powell, proved non-starters, "I literally took my Lamar speeches out and started reading beyond the sound bites," she says. "Then Bill Kristol and I talked." Huffington and Kristol feted the candidate at a private dinner attended by compassion conservatives Marvin Olasky, Don Eberly, Michael Joyce and Jeffrey Eisenach of the Progress and Freedom Foundation, who dined by conference call. The confab "went well," says Huffington. "It became clear that Lamar was a listener."

Alexander unveiled his refurbished new message in a January 5 speech to the Heritage Foundation. "The Republican revolution, after all, was never just about dismantling Washington," he told the think-tankers. "That was a necessary step, but only a first step. What the revolution is also about is making it easier for America to rebuild those institutions that bind us together...." The civil-society enthusiasts were smitten. "I had met Lamar Alexander back in the first half of last year, back when he was sounding only the anti-Washington theme," says University of Texas Professor Marvin Olasky, author of *The Tragedy of American Compassion.* "I don't know if he's raising these broader issues because he sees a political advantage to it—or because he really cares about it. But I certainly welcome what he brings to the debate." Don Eberly, president of the Civil Society Project, is also a fan. "Moving out of the partisan political process to promote social change is kind of my shtick in life," he says. "He is, to be sure, the candidate who is articulating this urgent challenge."

But there's a problem. The citizenship conservatives' wide-ranging agenda, which calls for shifting responsibility for social programs from the public sector to private charities, is rhetorically galvanizing. But when it comes to the specifics of putting "neighborhoods" in charge of billions of dollars of federal programs, things get a little hairier. Take Alexander's plan, announced with great fanfare last month, to replace all federal welfare programs with what he calls "neighborhood charity." Under Alexander's plan, the $55 billion spent annually on the three major income assistance programs—AFDC, WIC and Food Stamps—would be turned over to "communities," who would then establish "community charity funds" that make decisions about how the money ought to be spent. Alexander announces his scheme at Micah House, a small homeless shelter in Council Bluffs, Iowa. "What's different about my proposal," he says, "is that I'm not just saying Washington welfare should stop. I'm saying we should expect more from ourselves." Protectively, he throws an arm around shelter director Marianne Knotek. "I'd rather leave the money in Council Bluffs and let Marianne spend it here," he says. "I just know there will be an explosion of goodwill and help for men and women who genuinely need help."

But after Alexander's presentation, Knotek looks doleful. The director of southwestern Iowa's only homeless shelter has been quiescent so far: permitting the use of the shelter as a campaign event, even giving Alexander a guided tour as flashbulbs blazed. Now, taken aback by the candidate's Victorian platitudes, she shakes her head in dismay. "I don't think he knows how judgmental communities can be," she tells me. Knotek scoffs at the notion that the kindness of strangers is a meaningful substitute for an effective federal welfare policy. "Right now," she says, "my community is only interested in filling sewers." And indeed, when reporters ask Alexander how he can be so optimistic about human nature, and what emboldens him to eliminate something that has been a basic entitlement of citizenship for fifty years, the candidate himself retreats. "What we could do is take a look to see if, after five years, my plan worked," he says. "If it doesn't work—well, we could go back the system we have."

Rather than wowing the electorate with his cerebral contortions, Lamar ought to offer himself more or less as he is: a genial, good-hearted blend of middlebrow virtues. At times, you can glimpse the appeal. Up close, the candidate has crinkly brown eyes, a high forehead and a sweet, mannerly air that goes well with his Southern beatitudes. His middle-aged skin has a rosy, lamplit glow. Settling back into the plush leather interior of his six-seat Lear jet, he exudes simplicity and forthrightness. "We need to bring ourselves to say: 'Senator Dole, we have great respect for you,' " he says in an earnestly sorrowful tone. " 'We appreciate your long years of service. You are a good leader. You're a good man. But you're not the right man to lead us into the next century.' "

Is he that man? "I think what people are looking for in a president is someone who looks to them like a president ought to," Lamar says slowly. "And who has some basic understanding of where we need to go. I think they would distrust someone ... who presumed to write all the details before they went into office.... I wish I could tell you I could run for president and pass some new laws and solve all our problems that way." His breast swells. "But anyone who tells you that is selling you a bill of goods that I think you won't buy. Because I think what will solve our problems ... is expecting less from Washington—and more from ourselves."

Good enough to be president? In a pinch. But surely, at the very least, good enough for the Washington Speakers Bureau. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Available In Ext

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ra-Strength Formula.

Introducing The 290-Horsepower Lincoln Mark VIII LSC.

Because some people just can't seem to get enough of a good thing, we found a way to give them even more. By creating the most responsive, most indulgent Lincoln Mark VIII ever in an exciting new luxury sport coupe edition. A coupe that anyone who puts a premium on style and performance would welcome.

It has an even more energetic 290-horsepower V-8 engine for quicker acceleration. Monochromatic accents for added flair. A taut sport suspension for better handling. Euro perforated leather seats. And new longer-lasting high-intensity Luminarc™ headlamps—a first among domestic automakers. These bright lights give off a distinct blue-white light at low beam for greater safety due to increased visibility.

Moreover, all this intelligent technology works together beautifully under the InTech™ System. A computer-managed network that constantly checks and re-checks powertrain, suspension and chassis functions. And, like all Lincolns, the engine in this new luxury sport coupe is designed to go 100,000 miles between scheduled tune-ups. Which, in itself, is quite a coup.

To learn more about this remarkable automobile, call 1 800 446-8888, or for information via the Internet, enter http://www.Lincolnvehicles.com.

LINCOLN

What A Luxury Car Should Be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MESSENGER

By Michael Lewis

January 30:

My initial reaction to the spectacle of Alan Keyes spewing moral outrage at various Republican gatherings was to wonder how this man ever got himself taken seriously. I doubted whether he was even capable of having an ordinary conversation—one in which he hears the other person out, considers his views and in some way attempts to accommodate them. I soon learned that Keyes enjoyed the distinction of having been the only guest on "Crossfire" whose behavior was so outrageous that the producer apologized to the other guests after the show. I didn't think it possible to behave badly on "Crossfire." Out of curiosity I requested a copy of the transcript. Sure enough, the show opened with Keyes vomiting vast paragraphs about the moral decay in America, barely punctuated by the attempts of Michael Kinsley, Fred Barnes and Clifford Alexander to break in. Even on paper you could tell that Keyes shouted at the camera at the top of his lungs. When it became clear that someone else would be permitted to speak, he cut them off as soon as they opened their mouths by saying, "I listened while you spoke. Now let me finish the point I'm making." A brief excerpt can serve to give you some idea of the whole (we join the action after Keyes has spoken a few volumes on modern American morality):

Kinsley: All right, Alan—
Keyes: How are we going to restore the moral identity and values that will finally—
Kinsley: Alan, Alan, you've made your point—
Keyes: Back to those—
Alexander: I don't think it's going to be restored by you shouting at the rest of us.
Keyes: That is the—
Alexander: If I may finish—
Keyes: The great—
Alexander: Ten years ago—
Keyes: Wait a minute!

"Do you get points for loudness on this show?" a forlorn Alexander asks later.

I was dreading the moment I would finally have to hunt this man down and listen to him *for days.* I began to think up ways to cheat, but the evening before my plan of evasion was fully formed I ended up in a car with my friend Joel Achenbach of *The Washington Post,* heading north from Des Moines in search of Alan Keyes.

Two hours later we were waiting in a small town library. Keyes arrived and took the stage. He is striking to look at: his face is coal black with gleaming white teeth and a beard that seems to grow out of his shirt and up around his throat until it diverges and reconnects on his upper lip. His arms are jerky, like a dictator's. But his most noticeable features are his long slim feet, which form an unstable base on his round body, like a pair of flippers. (He's not much more than five seven, and his feet are size eleven-and-a-half, AAA.) As he rocked back and forth on his flippers while waiting to be introduced, I braced myself for the madness that was sure to come. Then Keyes spoke.

His subject was of course the theme of his campaign: moral decay and the need to restore "the marriage-based two-parent family." According to Keyes, all our problems derive from the decline of the family, which was brought about by evil liberal policies of the last fifty years. All our solutions depend on recreating the incentives for marriage by reforming welfare, education and the tax code and above all restoring a sense of shame to the culture. "Our problems are not money problems," he says, "our problems are moral problems."

What he says, however, is overwhelmed by how he says it. Even after that first time, when I assumed that he, like the other candidates, was working pretty much straight from memory, that he was just reproducing the same talk he had given a couple of hours before, I was struck dumb by the force of his eloquence. After the first twenty minutes I looked up at Joel and found that he was looking back at me with the same stunned expression. "I don't know about you," he said, "but I'm about to go work for the guy."

When Keyes finished speaking the audience did something I have never seen an audience do. They were so entranced that they actually forgot to applaud; and then suddenly it was as if everyone in the room remembered that he had a role to play, and the place erupted.

Afterwards I presented myself at the front door of Keyes's Winnebago. A distinguished reporter from a big newspaper told me that he had been trying to land an interview with Keyes for the past six months—phone calls, faxes, even e-mail messages had gone unanswered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In six months Keyes had been unable to spare him even thirty minutes of his time. I had been led to believe that getting to him was nearly impossible, and, before I heard him speak, that was fine by me. It turns out that this has less to do with the reticence of the candidate than the disorganization of his campaign; from moral certainty, it seems, follows logistical chaos. At any given time no one who works for him knows where Alan Keyes is, only where he stands.

But if in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night, a perfect stranger presents himself at the front door of the campaign Winnebago, Keyes will pull him up and in. And so sometime before midnight I ditched my rental car and took off on a 1,000-mile tour of Alan Keyes's Iowa.

January 31:

In the darkness of the cabin, Keyes offers a brief tour of his past. His father made a career of the army, which meant Keyes was raised in about ten different places. His family has deep roots in Maryland, but unlike many black Marylanders was not Roman Catholic but Baptist, at least until Keyes's mother persuaded his father to convert. Keyes studied political philosophy with Allan Bloom at Cornell, and left with Bloom out of disenchantment with the Vietnam war protests. After a year with Bloom in Paris he wound up at Harvard, where he finally took his doctorate. He became proficient in Greek, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian. His Ph.D. thesis on Alexander Hamilton's thought dwelled on a speech that Hamilton gave to the Constitutional Convention that lasted for six hours and advanced the proposition of an electoral monarchy, the rule by the elite, of which only the notes of the listeners survive. I am not sure which is more appealing to Keyes now, the substance of the address or the possibility of speaking for six hours without interruption.

Keyes discovered a talent for public speaking in schoolboy tournaments but became disenchanted with the skill upon leaving home for college. "Part of it is a natural gift which has a certain effect apart from substance. What bothered me about that was that you could go on producing that effect as a kind of trick. This struck me as the worst kind of life. And so after high school, I stopped giving speeches for, oh, I think it was a good ten years." When at length he came back, he gave a Lincoln Day talk at Harvard's Dunster House. "I remember wanting them to be too struck by it to even think of applauding. The tribute I wanted for that speech was silence."

Since then he has been, in no particular order, a State Department official, an ambassador to the U.N. in the Reagan administration, a university president, radio talk-show host and candidate for the U.S. Senate. He ran twice, weakly, doing worse the second time than he did the first. Each time he left a trail of unpaid campaign debts in his wake and wound up with no visible means of support. In short, he is a kind of mirror image of the society he seeks to depict: his problems are not moral problems; his problems are money problems.

After a few hours sleep, we rise and hit the road: a motel, two universities and the community center of a savings bank. One Keyes event is much like another Keyes event. Keyes arrives late and delivers a glorious thirty-minute oration followed by an even more glorious thirty-minute question-and-answer session, in which the answers occupy all but about forty seconds. After the standing ovation, but before the question period, a lone Keyes volunteer passes a collection basket and invites the audience to reach down deep to help the badly funded campaign.

The main difference between one Keyes event and the next is Keyes himself. His message is always the same, but the language he deploys to convey it is so different as to constitute a whole new speech each time. He takes his thesis statement and weaves these marvelous intricate kaleidoscopic word patterns around it. Commonly he finds a keynote—a phrase or a quote—and just runs with it. Maybe ten times, I heard him find his way back to Lincoln's famous description of America as "the last best hope of earth," but each time he followed it with a different fireworks display of sound and sense. Even then I thought he was working from memory—that he just had an uncommonly large store of these wonderful riffs. But, once, I asked him afterwards if he would repeat what he had said. He looked at me like I didn't know what I was talking about. "I don't remember," he said.

The other unusual thing about a Keyes event is the kind of people who turn out to buy what he is selling. A Keyes crowd is entirely white—in three days with Keyes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I did not see a black person besides the candidate—but otherwise bears not the slightest resemblance to the crowds who come out for Dole and Forbes. A roomful of liberal Harvard professors would mix more naturally with either wing of the Republican Party than the two wings mix with each other. With Dole and Forbes, you are always vaguely aware of what the people who show up do for a living. With Keyes, there is never any visible means of support. Whoever they are, they are not defined by their economic station but by their states of mind. Here are the conservatives who have lost the money game: type-B males and the women who love them.

The appeal to them of Keyes's message is that it confirms their choices in life, or rather the choices life has made for them. If the marriage-based family comprising God-fearing people is the ideal state of man, these people immediately are at the top of the heap. The pursed-lip expression that falls somewhere between pride and determination (like the one Clinton assumes whenever he has to salute a soldier) is what you see on a Keyes crowd at the end of the speech. Ask them for compassion, and you'll be amazed by how much they have to give; lend them money and you'll regret it for the rest of your life.

February 1:

A boat club on the banks of the Mississippi, two Best Westerns and an American Legion Hall. I wish I could be more dismissive of Keyes and confine him to the class of harmless lunatics, but that's not what he is. Saying exactly what he is is the problem—not just for me but for all the people who turn up to cheer him on and, I believe, even for him. He's not a viable presidential candidate; his campaign has reached the point where it has discovered the nobility of failure. It derives its strength and fervor partly from losing. Nobody who turns up for him seems to care much to win. What they want is to be among the select to be called. "Those of us who believe in the existence of God," says Keyes, "have a certain advantage in making moral arguments," and he's right.

At any rate Keyes is clearly much smarter than I am, and by the end of a full day with him he has me persuaded of just about everything he believes right up till the moment I leave him for my own room in the Best Western. For the first time in my life I am persuaded that we are in the midst of that crisis of character that will determine whether the Republic lives or dies, and so on. I worry that Keyes will think I am part of it. Whenever possible I flash my wedding ring and generally attempt to appear marriage-based. That is, I am not immune to the allure of the little status group he is creating; it's the only status group in sight.

But inevitably, just when I start thinking of Alan Keyes as a boon companion and a reasonable person much like me and you, he goes and flies into a rage about some subject that heretofore he has evinced no interest in. Probably this is some sort of test—to see if I am a genuine follower or merely a pretender. Once every few hours I feel as the more skeptical disciples must have felt whenever Christ lost it; for example, when he chased the money changers from the temple. Today the first flash point occurs when I ask Keyes why he, the most God-drenched candidate, didn't get the support of the Iowa Christian Coalition; the second when he asks himself repeatedly why Pat Buchanan is making use of Michael New, the soldier who was court-martialed for refusing on constitutional grounds to wear U.N. blue. Keyes's point on the subject is extremely well taken: the president is commander in chief, and when a presidential candidate encourages soldiers to interpret the Constitution he undermines the authority of the office he is seeking to occupy. He wigs out and becomes furious, his arms jerking around and his voice becoming a megaphone. During a quiet moment when I ask him why he is getting so totally worked up he says, "I surprise myself sometimes. I was surprised by that. *It offends* me. Maybe there's something else going on ..." but he drifts off into his own thoughts. I tell him he'd be better if he controlled his temper. "You're like my wife," he says. "My wife says I should *never* seem angry."

At the end of another long day—four long speeches and nearly 400 miles on the road—we pull into our last Best Western for one final counterblast. We were due at 7:00; it is now past 8:00; and there is some doubt, in *my* mind at least, whether the citizens of Fort Madison, Iowa, will have lingered for Keyes, especially since the thermometer is predicted to plunge from zero to nearly 40 below. We are met by an amazing sight: the conference room is not only still filled to the walls, but the 150 people inside are perfectly silent, rapt. They are watching a video of one of Alan Keyes's speeches; and they are so fixed upon it that they hardly notice when the man himself appears in the flesh. For any other candidate this would mean putting the crowd through the same speech twice. The only other candidate who would risk a TV at the front of the room would be Morry Taylor, and he would have it there to raffle it off.

February 5:

The drive west through the cypress swamps between New Orleans and Baton Rouge never fails to remind me of the many other times I have passed through this place. Like Keyes and his admirers, I am nostalgic not merely for the past but for a past I've never really had, and as a result I always find the cypress swamps vaguely disappointing. My memory of the place is a movie memory, not a real one. From the tape deck boom the speeches Keyes has made and recorded for sale over the past year—to the Christian Coalition, the New Hampshire State Republican Committee and other, smaller groups of followers. His collected works, as it were.

"We will rebuild our families or *we will perish.*"

"Every civilization is built on some basics.... One is getting your younger children to avoid fornication. The other is getting your older children to get married before they have children."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One strange thing is how different it is to be in the hands of a speaker than it is to listen to him alone in the quiet. I recall as a schoolboy having to pretend to be moved by tape recordings of JFK and Martin Luther King. With Keyes what moved you now seems slightly sinister. I wonder if maybe the trouble with Judas was not his greed but that he spent too much time away from the boss.

On the tapes I notice something that I missed in the flesh: he knows exactly when an audience is about to burst into applause and tries to squelch it, redirect it and husband it, rather than encourage it. Over and over again you can see him holding up his hand as if to say, "No wait, let me finish. What I have to say is too important for mere applause." He's a master at managing the crowd's emotions, bringing them right up to the brink of something and then not letting them have it.

An hour and a half later, I somehow remain pro-choice. I pull onto the LSU campus and find my way to the Student Union. Inside the building is a ballroom, and inside the ballroom are Keyes and his followers. Or so I was led to believe by the woman who plans Keyes's campaign schedule. But aside from a lone lean figure of another magazine writer, the ballroom is empty. A call to Keyes headquarters reveals that we are at the start of a mystery. "I know, I know," says the woman who only two hours before had assured me that the thing I must do to hook up with the Ambassador was rent a car and drive to Baton Rouge. "Everyone is looking for him, and no one knows where he is." Keyes has vanished; all that is left of him is his voice on the tape player. Strangely it doesn't make much of a difference. By the time I get back to New Orleans, I am spent.

February 6:

Today between 4:00 and 8:00 in the afternoon the first votes that count will be cast in Louisiana. Either way it's bad news for Phil Gramm. If he wins they'll say it was rigged; if he loses they'll say he couldn't even rig a win. Buchanan is bigfooting across the state claiming total victory. Keyes, on the other hand, is saying that his campaign "is not about winning caucuses and primaries and things like that," which will come as news to everyone else in the race. This morning a small group of Keyes supporters gathers in a restaurant not far from the New Orleans airport and gets a whiff of what the Keyes campaign is about. What follows is about one-tenth of one answer to a question from the audience about his electoral hopes:

> We are in an era where I think some of the success that has been enjoyed by Christian political activism is having a little bit of a confusing effect. Because people have had success and they've come to leadership and all the media people say, "Well, the Christian Coalition is going to decide this, and this is going to decide that." And some people are sitting there and starting to think in a way that they didn't think when all of this started. Because the way to get into it is, to finally realize that someone has got to bear witness pure and simply to what they think is right. So go for it, act on your heart, act on your conscience, act on your faith, and let the chips fall where they may. But *now* you start to enjoy a little success, and you look around and you say, 'Yeah, well if I follow this, I may enjoy a little more success. Well, yeah, well okay, so that one is not really committed to these things, but he's going to win. And since he's going to win we need a place at the table, we need to be there' and so forth and so on. Now *that* is the calculation that starts to interfere with the judgment. And the judgment then becomes, 'Yeah, he's saying all the things I believe, but I can't just act on what I believe any more. That's unsophisticated, that's immature.' Is it really? I thought that was why we got involved in this in the first place.

And then, for some inexplicable reason, Keyes becomes angry. He recalls the question I asked him about the Iowa Christian Coalition (why, in the wake of Dole's weakness, he didn't seek to win their support), and the rise in his voice causes everyone to jump in his seat.

"I have never talked to or asked anyone for an endorsement at any time in this campaign. I have never even asked any one of the people like John who are working for me to come and work for me. Never! He cannot say that Alan Keyes ever came and said to him, 'John work for me.' John, did I ever do this?" (Fixes John with a commanding stare.)

"No," says John.

"John didn't come here because Alan Keyes asked him to. I just present the message. If they care about it they come forward. I don't thank anybody. I don't care what their name is, what their background is, who *they think they are* for helping this campaign. Because I think this campaign has to rely on the strength of the message and the power of God, and we will get where we're supposed to get. If people feel that's right they'll come forward. If they don't think that's right they won't. I think what the person was suggesting was that I'd give the Christian Coalition a way out. Because now that Dole is sinking..."

He lets that thought hang for a moment, then continues:

> You see, this must be a *terrible* feeling. You make a decision based on expediency, and it doesn't work. And then you are left without expediency and without principle. With nothing. This is sad. I never want to wake up the day after an election or anything else with that emptiness in me. Knowing I have given away the things that matter most for the sake of what I thought would win and finding that I have lost and have nothing. I have not said one word or done one thing with the principles that I believe in. And I *never* will. And knowing that, it doesn't matter how many times I lose because I'm not losing anything. I will carry it home right with me to the grave, till that moment when I look to see whether God approves. And that is all that really matters.

After I left him I recalled that the last evening I was with him I asked Keyes whether he did not suffer from messianic fantasies. In the front of the Winnebago, his two aides chuckled. At the time I thought they were laughing at the audacity of the suggestion. Now I think that they were laughing at its naïveté. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Late Winter Roundup

The Juror (Columbia). Demi Moore keeps her clothes on! And there's even more good news.

This is a thriller that really tingles—because it's based not on some weird contrivance but on a crunch that conceivably could catch almost anyone. Moore plays a single mother with a 12-year-old son. She is selected for the jury in the trial of a Mafia *capo* who is accused (quite rightly, we know) of two murders. *Capo* and pals scan the jurors and pick Moore as the vulnerable one.

A smooth Mafia operative, Alec Baldwin, goes to her home and explains things. (The two have previously met: I won't go into it.) He tells her that absolutely no harm will come to her or her son if she votes Not Guilty and swings the jury. Complications would follow, of course, if she revealed this threat. The plot finds many more knots, ethical and sexy.

Ted Tally, who adapted the screenplay of *The Silence of the Lambs* from somebody's novel, adapted this one from a novel by George Dawes Green and did, in sum, a better job here. *Lambs* provided a plummy part for Anthony Hopkins as the gourmet cannibal, but the story trashed its credibility in the last long sequence in a dark house. The climax of *The Juror* is credible, at least within the credibility range of thriller endings.

One similarity to Hitchcock's *Frenzy*. After the verdict is in and the picture is seemingly over, something tips off the law that the verdict is not just. The tip-off in *The Juror* is more broad than in *Frenzy*; still, it pushes the same button. We have been thinking: "Can this verdict really be the ending?" And it isn't.

Demi Moore does all that is needed. Though she doesn't have an iota of Sandra Bullock's charm in *The Net*, she gives every moment her modest best. Baldwin's Mafia agent is one of those articulate, fake Nietzschean villains, smarmily insane (like Malkovich in *In the Line of Fire*), and Baldwin has the poise and poison to carry it off. How this polished man came from the same neighborhood as his goombah friends—which we're told—is not made clear). Brian Gibson, the director, and Robert Reitano, the editor, are slickly skilled.

The White Balloon (October). Newt Gingrich had a "secret" plan about Iran, but he probably didn't expect it to reach this far. When Iran found out about the U.S. scheme to overthrow its government, it withdrew this film, which had been its entry, from the Best Foreign Film division of the Academy Awards. (Latest flash: the Academy is going to screen it anyway.)

Any fuss over this picture is grotesque because there could hardly be a quieter, more non-polemic film. In Tehran on the Persian New Year's Eve, a small girl persuades her mother to let her buy a pretty goldfish. Mother gives her a piece of paper money, and on the way to the shop, the child accidentally drops the bill through a grating. Other things happen before, during and after, but the bulk of the action is the effort by the girl, her brother and others to recover the bill. That, if you please, is the story.

In its dismissal of anything like a plot, anything so obsequiously seductive as drama, *The White Balloon* resembles the work of that extraordinary Iranian director, Abbas Kiarostami, and, indeed, he supplied the story. The director was the younger Jafar Panahi, who was assistant to Kiarostami on the lovely *Through the Olive Trees*. Panahi has much the same kind of talent, a concern to make his film a kind of home for its characters, but he has not yet found his master's secret, how to find and hold the still point of the turning world. Some of this film is merely languid.

By now it's apparent that *The White Balloon* and much of Kiarostami's work are probably not the result of an aesthetic position, of an almost post-modernist rejection of traditional form. (As against *The Juror*, for an extreme comparison.) These Iranian films are made in this way, presumably, because they can fulfill themselves in every lineament without incurring any political rub.

French Twist (Miramax Zöe). The title should be plural. This sex comedy wants to see how many new twists can be teased out of old-time triangle stories in these days of bisexual liberty.

Josiane Balasko, the writer-director, starts with a youngish couple, parents of two children, who live in southern France. He is a real estate agent who does much of his selling to female clients—horizontally. She is a Spanish

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Angels and Insects. *Deftly adapted from an A.S. Byatt novella, this is a mid-Victorian allegory of natural order and moral anarchy. Subtle, vivid, disturbing. (Reviewed 2/19/96)* **Lamerica.** *Compassionate yet stern. A young Italian con man in post-Communist Albania meets up with an 80-year-old victim of the Hoxha regime. (1/29/96)* **Nixon.** *See it. Worry about the details later. Oliver Stone directs like several flash floods in one, and Anthony Hopkins is gigantic as this less than giant man. (1/22/96)* **Sense and Sensibility.** *Still another chance to see Emma Thompson, this time in her own adaptation of Austen. She, everyone else, everything else in it, are lovely. (1/8&15/96)*—**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ex-dancer, Spanish because Balasko, thank heaven, wanted Victoria Abril (of Almodóvar's films) in the role.

Hubby's philanderings are almost completely unknown to the wife; still, after a quarrel, she is vulnerable to the advances of a husky female driver of a van who stops by. Result: a threesome, plus the children. Further result: the van driver agrees to leave only if Hub will make her pregnant. She leaves, turns out to be gravid, and is brought back. Result: a threesome with three children. Hubby then meets a handsome male client, who eyes him. Result ... ?

Most of the time it's like watching a comic trapeze act: neat swings, releases, catches. What gives the film something more than its flying geometry is Victoria Abril. Energy, comedy, sex.

Hate (Gramercy). In the past two decades or so, a new genre has wriggled into being: the film about the small group of youthful urban outcasts, bopping around town, with no hopes, no regrets, and no regrets about having neither. These self-gratifiers, who usually end up in trouble, are meant as symptoms of our times. We've seen them in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Los Angeles, Seattle, London and Helsinki. This time, and not for the first time, it's Paris.

Mathieu Kassovitz, who wrote and directed, previously made *Café au Lait*, about a Parisian girl with a black (Muslim) lover and a white (Jewish) one, and with some question about the paternity of her unborn child. The film may have erred a bit on the side of cuteness, but that's preferable to worn-out grittiness. There's hardly a moment in *Hate* when we don't feel that we're watching a remake. •

A Devil for All Seasons

By Andrew Delbanco

Naming the Antichrist: The History of an American Obsession by Robert Fuller

(Oxford University Press, 232 pp., $25)

"Because [Americans] view their nation as uniquely blessed by God, they are especially prone to demonize their enemies." This statement recurs in variant forms three times within the first seventy-five pages of Robert Fuller's book. I am dubious. Are Americans really more prone to demonizing than, say, the tribal factions in Rwanda? How about the Red Guard and the Shining Path and the Tamil Tigers? Where would a connoisseur of xenophobia rank us, say, with respect to the Japanese?

Despite this questionable claim of American supremacy in the field of comparative xenophobia, Fuller has produced a serviceable history of a theme in Christian thought that certainly has encouraged the siege mentality. He is writing about a symbolic vocabulary—the language of Christian eschatology—that has furnished Americans, from the Puritans to the present day, with a story of how the righteous will be saved from the forces of evil by divine intervention, and the fallen world purified of the damned.

At the center of this story is the radiant figure of Christ the Messiah. Through an exegetical technique known as typology, which had been developed into an elaborate hermeneutic in the medieval centuries and was brought to New England in the seventeenth century by the Puritan clergy, Christ the Savior appears not only in the New Testament, but as a foreshadowing presence in the Old Testament. In the story of Jonah and the whale, for example, Jonah's release after three days in the belly of the beast becomes the premonitory symbol (the type) of the gospel story of Christ's resurrection after three days in the tomb (the antitype). According to the same principle, the love poetry of the Song of Songs can be read as a chaste celebration of the marriage of Christ (the bridegroom) to his church (the bride), as described in the gospels.

For early Americans, Christ was thus installed, as Sacvan Bercovitch has put it, "at the center of history, casting His shadow forward to the end of time as well as backward across the Old Testament." Eternally present, he first appears in the predictive visions of the Hebrew prophets, then incarnate in the flesh as Jesus, and finally in the Apostles' promise of his return as redeemer and judge. Standing astride the two testaments, this colossal Christ points to a future that will belong to the faithful. Yet he will not come back unannounced or unopposed. His harbinger and herald is "the human person," as Fuller puts it, "who is prophesied to appear in the last days with the purpose of advancing Satan's cause." This mirror creature—a kind of inverse Messiah, who is the fountainhead of the Western literary trope of the doppelgänger or evil twin—is the Antichrist.

According to the typological schema, this monster, too, is limned in the Old Testament prophecies. Thus, the ten-horned beast of the Book of Daniel, presumably identified by its Hebrew author with the Syrian king Antiochus, was a premonition of the beast in the Book of Revelation who blasphemes against God, commands the impious and makes war against the saints. This looming Antichrist takes a different form in every age: sometimes he is the Jew who refuses the gospel, sometimes a heretic, sometimes the Church of Rome. He is hideous and insatiable, but he is, paradoxically, a symbol of hope, for Christ, by vanquishing him, will announce the advent of the millennium.

The revelation of the Antichrist, then, is a form of good news, a kind of release. The last obstacle between the people of God and eternal salvation, he gives to the Christians a focus, and a time, for militancy. To use the title of a well-known Puritan sermon, if "The Day of Trouble is Near," the Day of Deliverance is not far behind. This sequential linkage of dread and hope has been remarkably persistent in American life; and it continues to animate what Fuller calls "Protestant Zionism," the strange combination of anti-Semitism and philo-Semitism that characterizes certain contemporary fundamentalists who believe that the founding of the state of Israel in 1948 set the scene for the final battle between the forces of good and evil, and that the mass conversion of the Jews will signal the arrival of the Last Days.

The defeat of the beast, then, ushers in the 1,000-year reign of the saints, which immediately precedes the ecstatic end of time. On this point, however, the interpretive tradition of the apocalyptic symbols breaks into two divergent parties. According to the premillennialist account of scripture, Christ will intervene violently to wrench the course of history from the path established by the Antichrist, and the world will end in blood and fire. This is the tradition that interests Fuller.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By contrast, a postmillennial tradition (which derives from Augustine, and whose later partisans include Jonathan Edwards, the leading religious intellectual of colonial America) regards the Antichrist not as a leader of some satanic conspiracy, but as a metaphor for sin. Such a reading stresses individual conversion, the internal apocalypse within each believer, through which the world will be led gradually into an era of altruism and charity. The age of Christ is deferred until his gospel is internalized by all believers. In this view, there is no bestial Antichrist who attacks the righteous from without; he is, instead, the inner darkness of cruelty and pride that must give way to love.

Fuller acknowledges this postmillennial tradition, but writes about it with a strangely hesitant syntax that is clotted with awkward negations, as if it were a minority dissent from orthodox Christian doctrine: "Rather than projecting absolute evil onto a cosmic scapegoat," he says of the Augustinian Christians, they "see the Antichrist in nonapocalyptic fashion as the very real tendency in everyone to sin." This idea breaks into Fuller's narrative now and again ("Preserving inherited values, not focusing hate on others, has been the dominant tone in ... most religiously fundamentalist American homes"), but it tends to get scanted as beside the point.

The real business of Fuller's book is to follow the premillennialist theme, which, though he offers few contemporary examples, he sees moving toward a crescendo as we approach the third millennium. What he has written, in the form of a social history of the American Antichrist, is a dire warning against a certain kind of religious sensibility. The story of this pernicious way of seeing the world begins, predictably enough, in Salem in the 1690s with Cotton Mather, the proverbial father of witchhunters, exulting that "we shall soon enjoy halcyon days with all the vultures of hell trodden under our feet."

A hundred years later, we meet Jedediah Morse (the father of Samuel F.B. Morse, who invented the telegraph), who discovered, with the same mixture of horror and glee, that the French Revolution had been conceived by a group of godless freethinkers called the Bavarian Illuminati, who, intent on expanding the infidels' dominion, infiltrated the United States through the network of Masonic lodges. Next, in the 1840s, when a volatile economy and the rising flood of Irish Catholic immigration aroused evangelicals into millenarian frenzy, we come upon William Miller, the upstate New York farmer who founded the Seventh-day Adventists. After performing some incredibly arcane numerological calculations, Miller announced in his sermons, attended by crowds jammed into a huge circus tent, that 1843 would be the date of Christ's Second Coming. When the year came and went, the Millerites regrouped and recalculated.

Finally, Fuller takes up some recent instances of Last-Day ranters, among them the evangelist David Noebel, who concluded in the 1960s that the chief American agent of the international Communist conspiracy was Pete Seeger; and Hal Lindsey, best-selling author of *The Late Great Planet Earth* (1970), who discovered the Antichrist at work in the schools and universities. Fuller does not mention Jim Jones or David Koresh or the far-right militias who see the Antichrist in the federal government, but these contemporary apocalyptics are implicitly part of his tale. Fuller's survey of American apocalypticism is informative and amusing, though he leaves out my favorite image of the Antichrist as coiled monster, that of the populist American writer Ignatius Donnelly, who was writing sixty years before Yeats described the beast slouching toward Bethlehem:

> I tremble with horror when I think of what is crawling toward us, with noiseless steps: couchant, silent, treacherous, pardlike; scarce rustling the dry leaves as it moves, and yet with bloodshot, glaring eyes and tense-drawn limbs of steel, ready for the fatal spring.

Fuller closes with a chapter called "Interpreting the Obsession." Here he reaches the unsurprising conclusion that when apocalypticism takes the form of "projecting ... anxiety onto a mythic villain" it is likely to arise among groups who feel a "curtailed sense of agency." What all these self-appointed sentries have in common, in other words, is a sense that the world is arrayed against them, that they have been denied and deprived, that the old neighborhood has been turned into an occupied zone. Since more and more Americans seem to feel this way, and since "fear of separation, powerlessness, loneliness, and failing" are rampant features of modern life, there is reason to worry that the Antichrist will come back soon, and with a vengeance.

Fuller makes a proposal about the psychological sources of this tradition. He mentions various psychological theories, such as Melanie Klein's theory of repetition compulsion, as a way of projecting anxiety and guilt onto "bad objects" that can be targeted and controlled. He could just as well have looked back to Herman Melville, who gave an account of this process, nearly 150 years ago, in a story about a mutilated sea-captain who makes evil "practically assailable" by hunting, with a fanatic mixture of love and hate, the whale that has "dismasted" him.

These writers wisely remark upon the human penchant for demonization; but turning their insights into an explanation of American history is another matter altogether. For one thing, Fuller's notion that the demonizing impulse of apocalyptic Christianity has somehow leached into American culture, and tainted it with a particularly long-acting poison, is a parochial idea. Recent history confirms, surely, that fundamentalist or militant Marxism, Islam, Judaism, and any number of other creeds can be just as productive of hostility and aggression as Protestant Christianity. Moreover, pairing fundamentalist Christianity and reactionary politics—correlating Morse's anti-Jacobinism with the Alien and Sedition Acts, or Noebel's rage at folksinging with the McCarran Act—is too neat, too selective. One can hear apocalyptic urgency in the drumbeat for every American war from the Revolution (when Cornwallis was portrayed by patriot poets as a beast with tail and horns), to the Civil War (when Jefferson Davis was decried as a "Confederate Lucifer"), to Vietnam (remember the domino theory?) and beyond. But the origins and aims of these wars were immensely different. It is misleading to confuse rhetoric and rationale with purpose and cause. Vietnam was not a fundamentalist war. It was a liberal war.

What, then, does it mean for American history and destiny that we have a strong fundamentalist tradition? The fact is that fundamentalism, which Fuller defines as the belief in "Biblical inerrancy," has not always implied reactionary politics. In the seventeenth century, the Bible was carried into battle by Cromwell's New Model Army and used by radically egalitarian Protestants as a consoling martyrology for those who expected to die in their struggle against tyranny. In New England, the same biblical verses had been invoked a few years earlier by militiamen who marched into war against the relatively defenseless Pequot Indians. In the eighteenth century, the language of apocalypse turns up on both the Patriot side and the Tory side of the Revolution. After the war it seeped into the vocabulary of such a resolute Deist as Thomas Jefferson. Anticipating that the scourge of slavery was driving the nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward a terrible day of reckoning. Jefferson confessed that "I tremble for my country when I consider that God is just: that his justice cannot sleep forever."

Many Americans have believed in a vengeful God, but not all of them have expected God to reverse the course of history and to restore the old order. Consider, most obviously, the familiar language of Lincoln's second inaugural address, drawn in part from the Psalms, through which he reaches deep into the apocalyptic tradition for assurance that the sin of slavery will be ended through expiation:

> Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

My point is that the symbolism of religious apocalypse has been deployed throughout American history for vastly different purposes. Yes, it has been used by snarling reactionaries. But it has also been the poetry of human liberation.

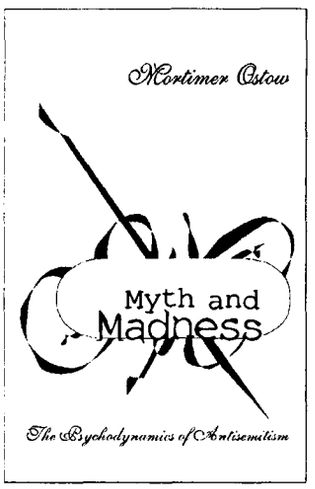
The task of the historian is to explain when and how it gets pressed into service, by whom, and to what end. Symbols are not inert. But neither are they self-defining. The really difficult question is, why do some people come to see the Antichrist as a menace from without (and call him Witch or Jew or Catholic or Black, according to the taste of the times), while others see him as an image of the unregenerate self, a symbol of insufficient love?

Such a question is hard to answer, because history is usually written at a level of generalization remote from the inner lives of the people about whom the historian is writing. The motives and the needs that lead people to cross, or to halt before, the boundary between self-doubt and self-loathing are mostly inaccessible to the blunt tools of the scholar. How is one to explain why some people respond to the reformer while others embrace the demagogue? The measurable features of their outer lives, their social origins, their economic conditions, may be visible and comparable; but a world of difference obtains between them in what theologians and poets would call their souls.

Fuller gamely acknowledges this problem ("ascribing motivations to other persons is a precarious enterprise, fraught with opportunities to impose our own interpretive biases on actions of the past or present"), but he seems unduly satisfied that American apocalypticism can be understood as one long instance of a people using hatred to restore their lost sense of potency in the face of debilitating change. This is a version of the old "fallen status" theory of American history, which has been used by many distinguished historians, including Richard Hofstadter, George Fredrickson and David Donald, to explain reform movements such as abolitionism and progressivism.

The "fallen status" theory holds that the American impulse to remake the world arises out of a sense of displacement. It is a plausible explanation as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. It does not explain the differences between, say, the abolitionist who thinks in apocalyptic patterns and identifies the Antichrist in the slaveowners and the vitriolic racist who also sees the world organized by satanic conspiracies, except that the demons are black. Confronted by such uncomfortable analogies between the left and the right, we usually prefer to mumble something about irony and leave the problem for another day.

Fuller's book does leave the reader with a deepened sense of how basic to



MYTH AND MADNESS

THE PSYCHODYNAMICS OF ANTISEMITISM

Mortimer Ostow

The persistence of antisemitism and its current resurgence after a brief post-Holocaust suppression challenge those who study human behavior to locate the causal bases of antisemitism and find approaches to combat it. This is an astonishing report of a nine-year study of the psychodynamics of antisemitism, undertaken by Dr. Mortimer Ostow of the Psychoanalytic Research and Development Fund. This is a landmark effort—one that will be the touchstone for theoretical and clinical works to come.

"This is an important and necessary book for our times. Concentrating on a study of antisemitism and based on clinical observations and processes, this volume will also be a source book for how to study the unending torrents of racism without overlooking contributory historical, cultural, religious and mythical currents and whirlpools."
—Albert J. Solnit, M.D., Department of Mental Health & Addiction Services, Connecticut

"An endlessly fascinating work of psycho-history that contextualizes the genesis of antisemitism in the nexus between individual needs and cultural constructs. Professor Ostow has masterfully distilled his extraordinary collaboration with colleagues over many years into a benchmark of interdisciplinary scholarship. The result illuminates not only the age-old dynamics of antisemitism but also the shocking resurgence of ethnic hatred since the end of the cold war."
—Ismar Schorsch, Chancellor, The Jewish Theological Seminary of America

"This is a landmark psychoanalytic survey and investigation of the irrational origins, structure, and influence of anti-Semitism extending across two millennia. ... This seminal study of anti-Semitism, therefore, has vast importance to all concerned with humanitarian ideals and human rights, and the pernicious effects of all forms of bigotry."
—Harold P. Blum, Vice-President, International Psychoanalytical Association

"Informative, perceptive, penetrating—Mortimer Ostow's book is a necessary and creative quest for meaning."
—Elie Wiesel

ISBN: 1-56000-224-7 (cloth)
206 pp. $32.95 / £21.95

Order from your bookstore or direct from the publisher.
Major credit cards accepted.
Call (908) 445-2280
Fax (908) 445-3138

transaction

transaction publishers
In the United States:
Department 95AMM8
Rutgers—The State University
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

In the United Kingdom:
Book Representation and Distribution, Ltd.
244A London Road, Hadleigh, Essex SS7 2DE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fundamentalist mentality is the feeling of being besieged and alone. Ever since Cotton Mather was ridiculed in his own time for turning the public outcry against witches into an excuse for examining the bodies of young girls, a huge discrepancy has opened up between fundamentalism and modernity. Since the Enlightenment dislodged the idea of a personal, interventionist God in favor of natural law (a process that was already well advanced in Mather's day), fundamentalism has been denied any shred of intellectual respectability.

What accounts for the surge of scholarly interest in this backward phenomenon, of course, is the return of fundamentalism as a significant fact of American life in our own time, and in the life of the world. This fact was belatedly noticed in the 1970s, when the spectacle of militant Islamic fundamentalism abroad pressed itself on our attention on TV screens. In America, there was the startling emergence in electoral politics of the Christian right as a pillar of what used to be called the "Reagan coalition," and closer to home there was also, I suspect, the proliferation of cable television, which multiplied the number of video windows through which American city-dwellers could peer at the rest of the country, and helped to disclose that fundamentalism had not been consigned to Sinclair Lewis's novels and a few storefront black churches.

As this transmission and adaptation of evangelical Protestantism into a form that has mass appeal continues, the complex and abstract ideas of the postmillennial strain tend to drop away in favor of the vivid, concrete images of the premillennial tradition. Antichrist as the alien beast fares better than Antichrist as the self. We are left, in other words, with a contemporary strain of scripture-based Protestantism that seems more and more akin to what Fuller is writing about in his timely book. As an entrance into the evangelical mind, however, it is a book that should be used with caution. Reading it is rather like watching a tennis match with one's eyes fixed on one end of the court: the line of American Protestant thought that derives from the Puritans and Edwards (who thought of hell not as a place or nation, but as "a world of hatred, where there is no love") is barely within Fuller's peripheral vision.

This is a pity, because it is important to remember that not all zealous believers in the scriptural prophecies have (to use Fuller's apt term) "named" the Antichrist with the kind of chilling confidence that this book describes. Damnable certainty about the hour and the place and the countenance in which the archenemy appears is a feature of many forms of fundamentalist thinking—including, I daresay, what might be called secular fundamentalism. At one point Fuller likens the people he is writing about to "animals laying down a scent of urine" or using other "aggressive techniques" (he cites growling and loud chirping) by which "clan groups demarcate and defend group boundaries." Sure, fundamentalists can be nasty and territorial. But I know a lot of non-believers who mark their turf, and God help you if you cross the line.

ANDREW DELBANCO is the author most recently of *The Death of Satan: How Americans Have Lost the Sense of Evil* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

The literature of England and the Jews.

The English Question

BY LAWRENCE LIPKING

What place have Jews in English literature? Not much, according to traditional wisdom. Forty years ago, when I first thought about becoming an English professor, some teachers told me to go into physics instead. The culture of English departments tended to be High Church, when not actively anti-Semitic, and most doors would be closed to me and my kind. In the nineteenth century, elite professors had often doubled as preachers, ministering to their flocks on weekends and evangelizing on workdays for Shakespeare. But science and secularism had crept into the best universities, and professors now took their vows to academic, not religious, disciplines. Yet the old ways still kept a strong hold on English; it was likely to remain a Christian fortress.

Nor was it only the club of English professors that excluded the Jews. In principle, there was no room for us in English literature itself, except as occasional aliens and villains. As T.S. Eliot had pointed out, the idea of a Christian society had inspired the main line of English poetry (which did not include, for that reason, most Romantics or moderns). Could it be a coincidence that many of the greatest writers—Donne, Herbert, Swift, Hopkins—had made their careers in the church, or that a good many others—Milton, Johnson, Coleridge, Eliot himself—were given to sounding so pious? The history of English literature, from this perspective, appeared a sort of pilgrim's progress, in which a band of Christians, spurning such vanities as race, class and gender, sang their way to the holy afterlife of the anthologies. Religion and poetry belonged together. And we—we others—we did not belong.

Fortunately, my teachers were wrong; few doors were closed to me. Within a decade the fortress of English studies fell, and soon enough a surprising number of Jews and others took charge of the ramparts. Today one might argue that the interdependence of Christianity and literature is one of the best-kept secrets of the curriculum, or at most a sideline for specialists. Indeed, it may well be that recent assaults on what is called, often with an anti-ecclesiastical bias, the "canon" of English literature are motivated largely by an unwillingness to accept the religious beliefs of the authors and critics who created it. Sermons once formed a substantial part of that canon, but professors preach differently now, and never on Sundays. Jews are at home in English; the lingua franca around the department office incorporates more Yiddish than Latin. If Eliot came this way, God help him,

Shakespeare and the Jews
by James Shapiro
(Columbia University Press, 320 pp., $29.50)

Anti-Semitic Stereotypes: A Paradigm of Otherness in English Popular Culture, 1660-1830
by Frank Felsenstein
(Johns Hopkins University Press, 350 pp., $39.95)

Figures of Conversion: "The Jewish Question" & English National Identity
by Michael Ragussis
(Duke University Press, 340 pp., $16.95)

LAWRENCE LIPKING teaches English at Northwestern University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would not recognize the place, and Rachel née Rabinovitch would probably head the welcoming committee.

But what are Jews doing there? The answers presumably have varied from age to age and person to person. At one time an immersion in English literature conferred some prestige; it seemed to be classy. The same venture at social climbing that led so many families of my father's generation to give their sons the most aristocratic British-sounding names they could think of—Lionel, Stanley, Leslie, Delmore—also picked on Sidney and Milton. The result, of course, was that those names immediately lost their cachet. Even an idol to conjure with—"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour"—has to resist stray thoughts of a comic in baggy pants. Perhaps the whole field of English literature has suffered a similar fall, now that anyone can get into it. That might explain why conservatives sneer that English has gone to hell.

The lure of prestige cannot be the same for American Jews today. In an age of identity politics, when all of us claim the right to be proud of our names and the names of our parents, there is little incentive—or *nachas*—in trying to pass as a Brit. Even to talk about "English" literature raises some hackles, since it seems to wall off hundreds of millions of people around the globe whose literature is "Anglophone" (a term that soon may be preferred to "English"). That precious stone set in a silver sea has decreased in cash value. The British Isles no longer seem the center of the world.

Just for that reason, however, some Jews and others find English literature more attractive. Outsiders can offer a useful perspective precisely because they do not read texts as exclusively English or Christian. In the early days of Romanticism, critics wrote about the Lake Poets and sometimes the Cockney School, as if local geography or a particular accent could pigeonhole Wordsworth or Keats. That style of criticism is still alive and it helps to support the tourist trade. (Last year a farmer who lives in the house in Devon where Coleridge is—falsely—supposed to have dreamed up "Kubla Khan" complained to me about the interminable schoolboys and visiting Japanese who hung about his yard and frightened his sheep.) In little England, the link between poems and places is ever so comfy. But Jewish Romanticists tend to be more cosmopolitan. Long vistas and visions of European philosophy and psychology, of intellectual history, of transatlantic and transcendental insight, even of *midrash*, attract the very un-English attention of scholars such as M.H. Abrams, Geoffrey Hartman and Harold Bloom. Blake, Wordsworth and Shelley, for them, evoke a prophetic, Old Testament spirit. Such poets are bigger than England.

And so is Shakespeare, of course. The native son whose genius swells each patriotic heart with pride serves also as a credit to the human race. *Hamlet* makes better sense in German and Russian than English, some partisans claim; and nothing tears the heart like a Yiddish Lear. However much Stratford-on-Avon invests in Shakespeare's remains, outsiders recognize him as one of their own. The ideal of a cosmopolitan, chameleon poet—an Irishman to the Irish, a woman to women, or a masquerading nobleman whose bisexual manners would grace any circle the reader might fancy—appeals to the world. And so he is also an honorary Jew.

Yet the interest that Jews and others take in English literature does not guarantee that English literature has taken much interest in them. Until the wave of immigration from Eastern Europe in the late nineteenth century, the Jewish population of England was small—some 30,000 when Victoria took her throne—and easily overlooked by many writers. Nor do the glaring exceptions to this neglect imply that England had a place for Jews. The barbarous ghetto-dwellers who murder a Christian boy in Chaucer's "Prioress's Tale" are foreigners (from a city in Asia), like Marlowe's Barabas of Malta and Shakespeare's Shylock of Venice. Since Jews were banished from England, in theory if not always in fact, from 1290 until the 1650s, they functioned in literature largely as an alien species or bogey or myth, of particular use for putting the fear of God into children. And the myth hardly changed when real Jews came on the scene. Even as late as Fagin in *Oliver Twist*, these outcasts preyed on innocent, homegrown Christians. That was their role in English literature, insofar as they had any role at all.

Jews could not help but notice how England had used them. In 1815 a young Jewish schoolteacher from North Carolina wrote to Maria Edgeworth, the Anglo-Irish novelist, much admired at the time as an expert on education. Most of the letter pays homage from woman to woman. But at the end the writer asks Edgeworth: "how it can be that she, who on all other subjects shows such justice and liberality, should on one alone appear biased by prejudice: should even instill that prejudice into the minds of youth! Can my allu-

THE
ARTHUR F. BURNS FELLOWSHIP
PROGRAM

The Arthur F. Burns Fellowship is a two-month (August-September) working fellowship exchange for young American and German broadcast and print journalists. Ten journalists from each country travel to Germany and the United States to work at counterpart news organizations. Applicants should be working journalists in any news media between the ages of 21 and 33 with demonstrated journalistic talent and an interest in U.S.-European affairs.

Travel expenses and a stipend are provided.

The fellowship, established in 1990, is sponsored by private sector grants.

APPLICATION DEADLINE EXTENDED TO
March 5, 1996

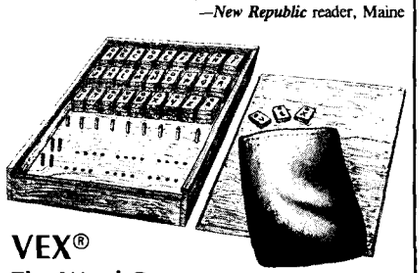
For information, please write, fax or e-mail:
The International Center for Journalists
1690-A Sunrise Valley Drive
Reston, VA 22091-1409 USA
Fax: (703) 620-6790 • Internet e-mail: editor@cfj.org

A Perfect Gift for
Word Lovers

"Within five minutes of opening a VEX I had ordered for a gift, I was on the phone to order another. What a beautifully crafted game!"
—*New Republic* reader, Boston

"Excellent game!"—*Atlantic Monthly* reader, San Francisco

"I very much enjoyed playing VEX, which I gave as a Christmas present to some friends. Now, I want one!!"
—*New Republic* reader, Maine



VEX®
The Word Game
ALL WOOD: case, 107 tiles, score pegs
100% cotton burgundy tile bag
Made in Vermont *VISA, MC, check, or m.o.*
Free brochure avail. $44.95 + $5 s/h
VEX is a reg. trademark of Wood-on-Brook Games
1-800-789-GAME

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion be mistaken? It is to the species of character which wherever a *Jew* is introduced is invariably attached to him." *The Absentee*, a popular novel by Edgeworth, had out-Shylocked the Bard with Mordecai, a malevolent creditor who gleefully squeezes his victims and, when called a monster, "grinning a horrible smile," replies: "*Monster* is not actionable—I wish you had called me *knave*."

Now the novelist felt the sting of remorse. Though uncertain whether she was addressing an actual person—the brother of the American lady had erased her signature, Rachel Mordecai, because the name seemed too perfect to be true—Edgeworth resolved to atone. *Harrington* (1817), her next novel, tells the story of a young man whose nursery maid and family and friends have poisoned his mind with morbid anti-Semitism, until he is cured by falling in love with the beautiful Berenice (visiting from America), whose pain he perceives while they are both watching *The Merchant of Venice*. All ends happily with the lovers united. Rachel Mordecai had carried the day and modeled for the sort of heroine she wanted. In fact, she became a writer, too; her correspondence with Edgeworth has been collected in *The Education of the Heart* (1977). But *Harrington* disappointed her in one respect: Berenice, it turns out, is secretly Christian, not Jewish. That revelation makes the ending possible. The tolerance of England and Edgeworth did not yet extend so far as a happy mixed marriage.

Courtesy The Jewish Theological Seminary of America

THE JEW RABBI TURN'D TO A CHRISTIAN. PUBLISHED BY H. HUMPHREY, LONDON 1773

What does *Harrington* prove? At one time it might have been taken to represent a stage in a steady advance toward a progressive, unprejudiced, enlightened England, a country like America—as Rachel Mordecai imagines it—"where religious distinctions are scarcely known" and Jews are thought as respectable as anyone else. The hero allowed to fall in love with a counterfeit Jewess today prepares the way for a hero to marry a genuine one tomorrow. This Whiggish view of history results in pleasant stories. But another reading of both history and the novel might arrive at opposite conclusions: that illusions of progress are only skin-deep or a form of self-love, and break down quickly when real otherness comes on the scene. This line of thought can be taken one step further. Perhaps the Jew in English literature is no more than a framing or back-up device, like the silver behind a mirror, contrived so that true-born Englishmen can admire their own faces.

Yet mirrors do not lie. The images reflected there cannot be bribed to flatter us, and often they look ugly. From that point of view, the Jews might play a crucial role in English literature by constantly exposing the difference between the way that people like to think of themselves and the way they reveal themselves through their treatment of others. Myths about Jews, perpetuated in writing, refute the myth of English tolerance. Whatever Shylock says about himself, he says far more about the nation that invented and despised him.

These new books about Jews in English literature—James Shapiro's *Shakespeare and the Jews*, Frank Felsenstein's *Anti-Semitic Stereotypes* and Michael Ragussis's *Figures of Conversion*—converge on that perception. Though each of the authors focuses on a different period and a different set of problems, the books overlap to a surprising extent. None of them is primarily concerned with Jews themselves. Instead they investigate the use of stories about the Jews—fictions or myths or stereotypes or lies—in constructing an imagined community, the collective invention that came to be called a nation or England. Even works that ignore the Jews contribute to that invention by banishing them again, in spirit if not in fact, as in Eliot's *Idea of a Christian Society*. To understand England is to know what England refuses to comprehend: the others beyond the pale.

Outsiders are in. A good deal of current scholarship examines the rise of nationalism or national identities in terms of everything they are against. The Nation defines itself in relation to Others. England provides an especially rich example. At various times the national identity has seemed to depend on its opposition to Rome and its Church, to Spain, to France, to Germany, or to all the far-flung lesser colonized breeds who set off by contrast the civilized, imperial self. Yet the excluded also lie nearer to home. Despite the political unions intended to transform the English into the British, Great Britain and Britons remain an artificial construct for many in Wales and Scotland, let alone Ireland.

Just who is this "we"? The English know who they are, or say that they do, and English literature has seldom found room for writings in Welsh or Manx or Irish or Scots. Nor is England indivisible in itself. The hyphen in Anglo-Saxon exposes a prior series of invasions and alliances, when two alien peoples gradually chanced to go native together. And the founding national myth of 1066 and all that—the assimilation of Normans by Saxons, after the Conquest, in a union of race as well as of language—might equally show an irremediable split at the root of English identity. As Ragussis points out, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was only in the seventeenth century that the Saxons reconquered the Normans, at least retrospectively, when writers who were determined to find some continuity in English history devised a purebred Saxon heritage. In truth, the English language and people consist of many unreconciled strains. The deeper one looks, the more the nation seems a multicultural, patchwork quilt, as if the self were always already an other.

Whoever "we" may be, however, Jews are somebody else. That has made them especially useful for defining a nation. Whatever they are—a people, a race, a religion, or even a wandering, rival nation—the Jews by strict definition cannot be English. Moreover, they never have been. A link between ancient and modern times, they offer a stable counterpoint to everything the nation could have been in the past or will be in future. Nor can this ever change. Once Jews cease being Jews, once all of them convert to Christianity and its Messiah, according to the standard evangelical reading of Scripture, history will end with the Second Coming and nations will be no more. No other people have such power or make a better foil. Hence Christian nations measure themselves by their ideas of Jews. Whether or not it is true that each nation gets the Jews it deserves, it does seem to be true that nations create the Jews they imagine.

England cried out for Shylock. The projection of English fantasies onto Jews—or the simulacra of Jews—is Shapiro's engrossing subject. Not much of the book is concerned with Shakespeare's specific attitudes toward Jews, or with his intentions in *The Merchant of Venice*, or with changing interpretations of the stage Jew (as in John Gross's fine *Shylock* a few years ago). Instead Shapiro focuses on what might be called the English audience's horizon of expectations: the set of assumptions, picked up in the streets or the press, that an ordinary citizen brought to the theater. Thus the threat of cutting a pound of flesh inevitably stirs thoughts of circumcision ("flesh" was a common euphemism for "penis"), as well as associations with "the Jewish crime" of ritual murder. These thoughts are wound together with the play, not merely as background but as part of its fabric. They also reveal the depth of English anxieties about what Jews might represent.

Each of Shapiro's chapters reviews the making of a legend. Not even standard histories can be trusted. Is it true that King Edward expelled the Jews from England in 1290, that Cromwell readmitted them in 1656, and that there were no Jews in Shakespeare's England? Not quite, this book keeps saying. A legal order of expulsion has never been found, the Readmission debate was inconclusive, and in any case some Jews had been living in England all along. Historians' opinions on these matters tell us mostly what historians would like to think. Shapiro is a good and careful skeptic. Rather than trying to settle such issues, he complicates them and—like the legendary Jewish psychoanalyst—prefers to answer a question with a question.

Above all, the question he poses is "What is a Jew?" In the aftermath of the Spanish Inquisition, the problem of distinguishing "sincerely" converted New Christians or *conversos* from *marranos*, the "real" if secret Jews who were only pretending to have converted, spread to England as well. These shadowy creatures might lurk underground. The wealth of myths and misinformation about the Jews—who they were, how they looked, what they did—reflects their disturbing strangeness in English eyes. Nor did the scarcity of actual Jews rule out the fear that they might poison England from within. As late as 1753, when Parliament passed a bill that allowed a small number of Jews to be naturalized, the figure of Shylock was invoked again to prove that Christians would be robbed of their land and their pork, as well as castrated, and a public outcry soon doomed the Jew Bill to repeal. What seemed at stake, for many opponents, was nothing less than their own right to be English. Hence Jews had to stand for whatever England was not. The question "What is a Jew?" would forever be entangled with the question "What is English?"

Frank Felsenstein also rounds off his argument with the hysteria over the Jew Bill, and the lessons that he draws—the threat of the Jew as Other, and the persistence of national myths—resemble Shapiro's. But images from popular culture dominate his book. One reading of the place of Jews within the longer eighteenth century (1660-1830) might celebrate the growth of philo-Semitism: the acceptance of that alien nation not only in trade but in art. Focusing on high culture, Howard Weinbrot has recently emphasized, in *Britannia's Issue*, "the flowering of Britain's Hebraic seed" in works such as Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* or Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, masterpieces that bring the Old Testament home to England. Felsenstein looks at less exalted stuff, satirical prints and pamphlets and chapbooks where the enlightenment never happened. Popular culture likes to rehash the hoariest anti-Semitic stereotypes: blood libels, hooked noses, Christ-killing, bloodsucking. In the abstract, these slanders form "a paradigm of otherness" (to use a phrase that keeps them at a distance). In practice, they still can hurt.

Felsenstein knows what he is talking about. An English Jew, he prefaces his book with the memory of a gentile playmate who accused the Jews of ritual sacrifices and later stopped playing with him. Finding out where those silly rumors had come from gave him his subject: scholarship can be the best revenge. But unearthing such bigotry cannot have made him feel good about being English. All the familiar nightmares are here, along with a few inventive twists: the Jew as Devil, the smelly Jew with a hand in your pocket, the Wandering Jew with something to peddle, the Jew as hypocrite, the Jew as eater of children, the knife-whetting Shylock, the rich Jew who buys out the country. To be sure, there is nothing special about this spiteful, enduring anti-Semitism. Some places are undoubtedly worse; England never went in for pogroms. But the notion of English virtue that lends a glow to so much of her literature—Tom Jones's magnanimous good nature, Elinor Dashwood's sturdy common sense—cannot survive a tour through Felsenstein's cartoons. It is as if there were two Englands: the healthy face and the festering sores below. Introduce a Jew to the drawing room and watch the reaction.

But what if the Jew is English? I do not find it easy to join those words. As all these books keep saying, the Jews imagined by English literature have a great deal to tell us about the Other and the construction of a national identity, but almost nothing to tell about Jews themselves. Historically, therefore, the English Jew would seem to be a theoretical anomaly, an embarrassment, a downright self-contradiction. Inconveniently, however, such people do exist (and recently many have been among the best English writers). American Jews such as Rachel Mordecai and myself may not know what to make of them. If we love English literature, do we have to forget the aliens in its midst?

Presumably not, if only because those Jews are English, too, and the nation has shaped them in turn. Even the ways in which they tend to vary from other Jews, collectively or individually, can throw light on the distinctive character of the nation. Any American Jew or Israeli will learn to recognize the unfamiliar signals that English Jews transmit, expressing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their difference not only when they speak, more softly than we do or with Pinteresque pauses, but every time they move their bodies and hands. Presumably English reserve—what we misread as manners—accounts for some of that behavior. But the effect of class is harder to read. Once past the dumb American reflex that hears every British accent as classy, an American Jew still needs to tread with care.

One clue that we often miss, for instance, is the important historical wedge between Sephardim and Ashkenazim. The first Jews readmitted to England came mostly from Spain and Portugal; they tended to be well-off and to look down on the poorer Jews from Germany and Poland who followed them. Sephardim commonly aspired to pass for English gentlefolk. In the mid-eighteenth century one prominent financier, Samson Gideon, amassed a fortune, bailed England out of debt, married a Christian, bought up country estates, baptized his children, and found an aristocratic wife for his son, who eventually became a baron. This rise did not succeed in keeping prejudice at bay. Anti-Semitic stereotypes, as Felsenstein shows, could scorn Jews equally for being rich or poor, city merchants or vagabond tinkers. But the influence of the English class system has added many nuances that discriminate one sort of Jew from another. Even today, long after the tide of immigration through which the vast majority of English Jews came to be Ashkenazim, the residue of old class warfare—not to mention old money—continues to leave its mark.

In the upper crust, some Jews appear more English than the English themselves—or perhaps not Jewish at all. Consider Benjamin Disraeli: the most distinguished English Jew in history, Queen Victoria's favorite, the prime minister himself. What kind of Jew was he? Technically none, for before his bar mitzvah he was baptized instead; without this conversion he could never have served in Parliament, according to law. His enemies portrayed him as a crypto-Jew, a sort of belated *marrano*. But in fact he was proud of the Sephardic ancestry epitomized by his name; and he was anything but secretive about it.

An excellent chapter of Ragussis's book examines Disraeli's complex loyalty toward his origins, a theme that his novels belabor. In a memoir of his father, the industrious author and bibliophile Isaac D'Israeli, the younger Disraeli identifies with the victims of the Inquisition as well as with the New Christians who gradually rose to power in Portugal and later throughout the world. England had taken them in, very much to her profit. To be a good Christian and Englishman, from this perspective, need not imply renunciation of the Jewish race. Disraeli takes part in the racial determinism of his time. Indeed, his writings often suggest (like Matthew Arnold's) that the spirit of Hebraism dominates modern England, alive in her superior righteousness. In *Tancred, or the New Crusade* (1847), a brilliant young aristocrat travels to the Holy Land, where he discovers that everything that is best in him and his nation stems from the "Great Asian Mystery"; Christ himself was born a Jew. This moral did not go over well in politics. But Disraeli's ancestry did not prevent him from outclassing the opposition.

He also tested the limits of English tolerance. From the 1790s through the 1870s, Ragussis argues, novels about conversion debated and exemplified a crisis in the national identity. In the uncertainty after the French Revolution, enthusiastic Evangelicals took the task of proselytizing the Jews as a mission that might save the world, while simultaneously revealing the purpose and goal of English history. The nation had been created to fulfill an ancient prophecy; benevolence and tolerance, England's own special gifts, would culminate in the millennium. But efforts to convert the Jews excited tensions as well. Perhaps the infiltration of these aliens would end by ruining the country, with Disraeli as its Pied Piper; perhaps the rage to convert them was less benevolent than anti-Semitic. The novels that air these possibilities, such as *Ivanhoe*, are often set in the distant past, but what they expose is a war in England's soul.

The skirmishes and the triumphs of that war are chronicled in *Figures of Conversion*. Ragussis pushes his argument hard—"Berenice's suddenly disclosed Christianity" in *Harrington*, for instance, "is a way of converting her"—but most of his readings are energetic and subtle, and in the end the fictions of nineteenth-century England do seem to lean on the Jews. Religion, race, and history all turn on how the nation has absorbed the strangers who live within it. The story climaxes with two responses to Disraeli: Trollope's anti-Semitic and xenophobic attack on the shady impostors who are subverting good native stock, in *The Way We Live Now* and *The Prime Minister*, and George Eliot's anti-conversionist *Daniel Deronda*, which subordinates England's problems to the hero's quest for an independent identity, not as an English gentleman but as a Jew in Palestine. Deronda also represents, in Ragussis's picture, another victory for the superior class of Sephardim, as if the true mission of England were at last to reverse the Inquisition and selflessly set the Jewish people free. Hence Eliot, like Trollope, opposes assimilation as well as conversion. In this respect the place of Jews in English literature would continue to mark the self-contradiction of being English and Jewish.

That crisis has probably passed. If two mighty champions, Disraeli (Hebraism) and Gladstone (Hellenism), once battled for England's soul, politicians today seem more concerned with England's exchequer. Nor do ancient Israel or ancient Greece have much to do now with the nation's sense of itself. A modern Deronda would have left the country for Israel long ago, and those who have stayed behind often blend into the landscape. In current state-of-England novels and plays and television shows, it is usually not easy to tell which characters might be Jewish. Indeed, in the post-Thatcher era the protagonists all seem imported from the firm of Lopez and Lopez: Doctor Roderigo Lopez, the New Christian executed for allegedly plotting to poison Queen Elizabeth, and Ferdinand Lopez (in *The Prime Minister*), the suspected Jew who tries to snake his way into society and Parliament. To type a modern politician as that sort of Jew would be an act of supererogation: where all are alien to humanity, anti-Semitic stereotypes could only gild the lily. According to English literature today, by the standards of Trollope or Evelyn Waugh, most Englishmen might just as well be Jews.

And yet the differences linger. When Olivier played Shylock twenty-five years ago, the theme was his effort to assimilate. "A Jew is like anyone else," said the director, Jonathan Miller. But the effort went awry, not only because of the loathsome gentile prejudice on the stage but because Olivier was not like anyone else, least of all a Jew. Most productions of *The Merchant of Venice* fail in similar ways. Though the audience may want to find some common human ground, some place where neither the Jew nor the Christians have to be rejected, the play will not let them do it. Both Shylock and his enemies, among them the English nation, define their identities by scorning the other. They cannot part and yet they cannot join. At best the audience leaves the theater brooding. Long after the curtain has fallen, the thought of Shylock makes everyone uneasy. And that is still the place of Jews in English literature. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Federalist

BY EDMUND S. MORGAN

The Sacred Fire of Liberty: James Madison & the Founding of the Federal Republic by Lance Banning

(Cornell University Press, 543 pp., $35)

Among the founding fathers of the Republic, James Madison often appears on the sidelines. He lacks the color and charisma, not to say the egotism, of the others. But none of them did more than Madison to shape American political institutions and to formulate the principles that direct them. He was the key figure in bringing about the Constitutional Convention and in drafting the document under which the United States got its government. In *The Federalist*, which he wrote jointly with Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, he gave the document an interpretation that is still treated as authoritative.

In the first years of the new government, moreover, he guided, as a member of Congress, both the president and the House of Representatives: he wrote both the president's first welcoming message to Congress and the House's answer to it; and he wrote and secured passage of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, known as the Bill of Rights, at least one of which, the first, he would have extended, as the Supreme Court has now extended it, to the states as well as the federal government. When the president abandoned his direction for that of Hamilton, in the foundation of national economic policy, Madison organized the first opposition to Hamilton's program; and when the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 violated his first amendment, he joined with Jefferson in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions to deny their constitutional validity. As he had called up a national government to coerce the irresponsible state governments, he now called on the state governments to coerce an irresponsible national government, a tactic that later served as the South's justification for civil war and still finds echoes in national disputes.

Since he was so articulate in the transactions of the crucial early years of the Republic, the understanding of what the Republic was (and is) has often hinged on what Madison said and did, not so much after 1800, when he and Jefferson were running the country, as in the earlier years when Madison was instrumental in creating it. In the present century the efforts of historians to explain what the Founding Fathers were up to have often focused on Madison's views, and especially on his *The Federalist No. 10*, where he argued that republican government, contrary to prevailing opinion, was better suited to large territories and populations (the United States) than to small ones. The advantage, he maintained, was two-fold: a large population furnished more men of talent for running the government; and the multiplicity of local interests, whether religious, social, or economic, made it difficult to form a malevolent majority. In a republic, by definition, the majority must rule, but where people were spread over a large territory, the difficulty of communication, together with the differing and opposing interests of widely separated groups, would make it unlikely for any one group to gain a majority injurious to the whole.

Charles Beard called attention to this Madisonian text in *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913, to emphasize Madison's disgust with the irresponsible laws favoring debtors that legislative majorities in the states enacted in the 1780s. The tenth *Federalist* showed, for Beard and other Progressives of the time, that the Constitution was a counter-revolutionary reaction against the democracy of the Revolution: the Constitution was a kind of conspiracy of the rich minority of the people to restrain the less rich majority who might threaten property rights. Douglass Adair was the first to point out that Beard had twisted Madison's arguments to translate the large republic's multiplicity of interests into a simple economic divergence between debtors and creditors. Robert Dahl and other commentators followed with a pluralistic political philosophy resting on the wider diversity that Madison had envisaged. And more recently historians have seen in the tenth *Federalist* the beginnings of a "liberal" philosophy that discounted the virtue which the Revolutionary republicans demanded in rulers, replacing it with an amoral reliance on the interplay of interests, the more the better.

There is an implication in all these interpretations that the man who drafted the Constitution and wrote *The Federalist* had deserted the ideals of the Declaration of Independence. Such an implication accords with the fact that Madison, who supported national power against the states in 1787, seemingly reversed himself again to support state against national power in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. But Madison's reputation has scarcely suffered from the acknowledgement of his reversals. *The Federalist No. 10* is widely recognized as the most brilliant piece of political thinking by an American in an age when politics commanded, as never before or since, the attention of everyone who thought at all.

Madison, of course, was a working politician. His recorded thoughts about government, even most of those contained in private correspondence, are partisan pleas in support of one side or the other in successive disputes over public policy. *The Federalist* is no exception, written in a hurry to persuade opponents of the Constitution in New York to ratify it. Most historians have treated *The Federalist* as a less than wholly candid expression of Madison's views; nor have they expected those views to exhibit over time the consistency of an abstract treatise of political philosophy.

Now Lance Banning has re-examined the development of Madison's thought in the various controversies of his public career, from his earliest years in the Continental Congress in the 1780s through his emergence as leader of the opposition in the 1790s. Under Banning's scrutiny, *The Federalist* occupies a place in that development as a genuine expression of Madison's views. More important, Madison's development itself displays a consistent conformity to a body of fundamental principles, a conformity that erases the reversals which have otherwise seemed so real.

Madison's enduring principles, as Banning discovers them, can be summed up in the term "popular sovereignty." The term is itself susceptible to various, sometimes contradictory, interpretations. In Madison's case, as Banning recreates his thinking, it denotes an unimpeachable acceptance of majority rule, exercised through representatives, but superior to all government. It meant, therefore, the limitation of government by the document or documents that expressed the will of the sovereign people in creating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government. In the United States, this implied a strict adherence by state governments to the state constitutions, by the Continental Congress to the Articles of Confederation, and by the subsequent United States government to the federal Constitution.

By this account, Madison was very much a Virginian. In thinking about the sovereign people, he thought of them as divided among the several states, so that the federal constitution was the constitution indeed of a federation, a federation not of governments, but of peoples. In this federation the peoples created a central government, gave it certain powers, and limited it to those powers. (They limited them further in the first ten amendments.) Each of the constituent peoples retained its local government and authorized it to deal with local matters.

By Banning's reckoning, Madison had been a reluctant nationalist. He favored a national government only because he thought it was necessary to preserve the union; and without the union, popular sovereignty in the states, including Virginia, would fall prey to local rivalries and foreign intervention. He had never favored a national government superior to the state government. When he argued, in the other numbers of *The Federalist*, for the Constitution's division of powers between the states and the national government, he was not arguing for something that was second best to what he really wanted. Instead, he and the other delegates at the Convention had persuaded each other in their arguments and compromises until Madison, at least, was entirely satisfied with the resulting division of state and national powers.

There were, then, no reversals. Madison had always supported states rights and had always, that is, from about 1785 on, supported a powerful national government. Banning makes his argument for a consistent Madison with constant reference to the available sources and with thoughtful consideration of opposing interpretations of them. His account is punctuated with carefully measured corrections to "modern scholarly opinion," which in his view too often sees Madison as a pragmatic politician and fails to recognize in the growth of his thought a fundamental loyalty to the republican principles of the Revolution. Too much emphasis has been given, Banning believes, to the tenth *Federalist*'s prescriptions for limiting majority rule and not enough to Madison's continuing insistence on the sovereignty of the people. If the Constitution represented, for some of its supporters, a counter-revolution against republican principles, Banning establishes pretty clearly that for Madison it represented the opposite: a way to preserve those principles.

The argument stresses the continuing growth and adjustment of Madison's thought, as his colleagues and his countrymen presented him with situations that required new tactics in order to preserve the sovereignty of the people. At the Constitutional Convention, after he had discovered the possibility of a national government resting directly on the people, he opposed every measure that would give the state governments a hand in it. But when the Great Compromise (which he opposed) gave the states control of the Senate, Madison accepted what he could not prevent and moved to strengthen the executive (for whom he now favored direct popular election) at the expense of the Senate (for example, in its power to make appointments to the judiciary).

Whenever the Convention made firm changes in the document that he had originally proposed, Madison weighed the consequences and changed his own stands on particular issues. Sometimes, as Banning writes, the "changes outraced even Madison's ability to fully comprehend what was emerging," but he always caught up. The Great Compromise was a bitter disappointment to him, but "before the meeting closed, he had adjusted grudgingly to its peculiar logic. Within nine months he had become its most effective spokesman." Indeed, as Banning sees it, "not until he wrote *The Federalist* did he attempt a systematic rationalization of the summer's work, and his defense of the completed Constitution led him to articulate ideas that first began to gel only in the course of the deliberations or even after they were through."

Banning's argument is persuasive, up to a point. In its diminishment of Madison's nationalism, and in its insistence on his fundamental consistency, it sometimes seems to protest too much. A considerable leap of imagination is required to see Madison's position at the Constitutional Convention as a recognition of the states' rights that he later advocated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. Before the Convention, Madison had proposed the use of the Army and Navy against the state governments to enforce collection of the requisitions for funds imposed by the Continental Congress. At the Convention, Madison argued again and again for a power in the federal government to veto any state law, a provision that would have reduced the states to the position of counties.

Against solid opposition he continued to argue for it, and in a letter to Jefferson, on October 24, 1787, after the Convention was over, he argued that the Constitution, even if adopted, would prove ineffectual because it lacked such a veto. In this view Banning finds not a desire to establish the superiority of a national government over the state governments, but a recognition of their equality: to veto their laws was to recognize their powers as agencies of a sovereign people. Well, yes, but agencies which Madison wanted subordinated to the dictates of a national government by a larger sovereign people or a collection of sovereign peoples.

As Banning sees it, the Convention was a great learning experience for Madison. There he discovered the possibility of a divided sovereignty, the possibility of a people empowering both state and national governments with different but equal functions and powers. By such an account, however, Madison was a remarkably slow learner. More than a month after the Convention ended, when he wrote his letter to Jefferson, he had not yet discovered the indispensability of the state governments, free of any national veto. Somehow, in Banning's view, by the time he began writing *The Federalist*, less than another month after the letter to Jefferson, he had talked himself into a total rejection of views that he held so stubbornly until then.

Writing *The Federalist* was still another educational experience, in which he learned to love the provisions of the Constitution that he had originally hated. Admittedly, "Madison *was* trying to convince the Constitution's critics, but it is equally apparent that he had managed to convince himself that these provisions were a valuable security against consolidation" (that is, against a national government that would preempt the state governments). If so, then Madison's belated conversion to the views of his opponents at the Convention would seem to be as great a reversal as those that modern scholarly opinion has attributed to him, wrongly, in Banning's view.

Still, it is a different sort of reversal, seen by Banning as the culmination of Madison's intellectual growth. Banning is asking us to read Madison's contributions to *The Federalist* as the distillation of his mature thought. Banning's book, in form an intellectual biography of Madison's formative years, is a plea for such a reading, an attempt to uncover Madison's original intent not only in the drafting of the Constitution, but in *The Federalist* and particularly in the crucial *Number 10*. To discover the original intent of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Constitution as an expression of the will of the people is a hopeless task, of which Madison (whose notes of the Convention are so often employed in it) himself disapproved. To discover Madison's own original intent is a great deal more feasible, and to follow, as Banning enables us to do, the growth of a great mind is a rewarding experience in itself.

The Federalist, like the Constitution, deserves to be read for what it says, regardless of its authors' intent. Its arguments are so clear, its analyses of political realities so searching, that it has to be taken seriously. What Banning maintains is that Madison himself had to take it seriously, and like many a writer before and since, he found himself convinced by his own words. His original intention, to defend the Constitution and to elucidate its benefits, became the mode of expressing his own beliefs. It is unnecessary to agree that so powerful an intellect as Madison's could be quite as pliable as Banning suggests, but it is not implausible that so realistic a working politician should have been able to adjust his ideas to make them acceptable to his opponents without necessarily betraying the underlying principle that guided him, the sovereignty of the people. Indeed, after he provided the Constitution with its first ten amendments, it became as acceptable to his opponents as it had become to him. Proposals to replace it have never received serious consideration.

Virtually all serious political thinking in America after 1790 has taken the form of interpreting the Constitution; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that no other interpretation of it has equaled the intellectual quality of *The Federalist*. What Madison said and did will continue to be the touchstone for understanding what the Republic was and is. And no one who has followed Banning's account of Madison's development, with whatever reservations, will read *The Federalist* or plot the trajectory of his career in quite the same way again. This is no small achievement.

EDMUND S. MORGAN is the author most recently of *Inventing The People: The Rise of Popular Sovereignty in England and America* (W.W. Norton).

Bar None

BY ROY PORTER

The Oxford History of the Prison: The Practice of Punishment in Western Society edited by Norval Morris and David J. Rothman

(Oxford University Press, 489 pp., $39.95)

I am writing this on the day that the Chief Inspector of Prisons has abandoned a visitation of Holloway, England's main prison for women, on the grounds that conditions there were too dreadful to permit inspection. (The institution is acknowledged to be rat-infested; inmates are sometimes kept four to a cell, twenty-three hours a day; pregnant inmates go into labor handcuffed.) This is no isolated incident. It is a graphic symptom of a penal situation that has steadily gone from bad to worse, partly through neglect, partly through government policy.

And so this comprehensive survey of the prison in history could not be more timely. American readers concerned with the penal realities of the United States may recognize the unprecedented air of crisis that pervades the British prison system. The inmate population has tripled since the War; indeed, it has risen more than 25 percent in the last two years, as a result of government policies aimed at voters of the far right. Jail riots have proliferated. (The one at Strangeways, Manchester, in April 1990, lasted twenty-five days, and was the most bloody and costly in British history.) Mounting scandals and breakouts have exposed corruption within the prison service itself. The crisis point was reached in late 1995, when the Minister fired Derek Lewis, a former television executive who had been his own appointee as Director General of the Prison Service, and conspicuously declined to renew the appointment of the Chief Inspector of Prisons, after he had voiced criticisms to the effect that the government's security-obsessed penal policies were "morally wrong" and were leading down the road to the "concentration camp."

Still, the predicament of Britain's prisons remains trivial compared with the situation across the Atlantic. The United Kingdom has a prison population of around 52,000. The staggering American figure is 1.75 million persons held in jail. Britain's confinement rate of 98 per 100,000 is small beer alongside America's 519 per 100,000. Figures published last December show that the United States now outstrips even Russia in the proportion of its citizens under lock and key.

Britain has hardly experienced the problems of racial violence and HIV infection rampant in American prisons, and yet the two countries have something in common: greater resources are being channeled into prisons at the same time as violent crime, far from being brought under control, relentlessly worsens. One might expect politicians to pause for thought, suggests Norval Morris, co-editor of this valuable book, but instead they blindly follow the "Humpty Dumpty principle": "if all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again, then, by heavens, we need more horses and more men." Generations of research, Morris comments sardonically, have "failed to disturb the commonsensical view that increased severity of punishment will produce less crime, that increased reliance on imprisonment is to be preferred to other nonincarcerative punishments."

In view of this fundamental failure of prisons to deliver the goods, it would be tempting to leap to the conclusion that they must be one of the most absurd institutions ever invented. Who but a simpleton can ever have seriously imagined that herding thousands of offenders together in a "total institution" would regenerate the wicked and eliminate crime? Can anyone sincerely have believed that the savage conditions prevalent in custodial institutions would civilize their residents? Were not prisons positively tailor-made to be schools of crime? Nowadays the defective nature of the prison is so self-evident to critics that David Rothman, the other editor of this book, remarks on the daunting imaginative effort needed to grasp how the "impulse to do good" took the form of "something as strange as the prison, a system that, over 150 years later, can still prompt an inmate to want to meet the man who dreamed it all up, convinced that he must have been born on Mars."

All the same, as several contributors to this timely and well-planned volume are at pains to show, not all prisons are abominations. Some penal regimes have succeeded better than others. Several European nations currently make far more selective use of incarceration and can boast reoffending rates dramatically lower than those of America and Britain. In 1992 the prison rate for the Nether-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lands was 36 per 100,000, less than one-twelfth of that in the United States. One thing is clear: we may no longer be sure what prison can do, but, like it or not, we don't seem to be able to do without it. And so in this predicament, a historical perspective may help explain why we're lumbered with this perplexing system, and perhaps suggest some alternatives.

The important fact that is highlighted in this scrutiny of 2,000 years of punishment policies is that imprisonment as the preferred and principal way of handling criminals is a recent innovation. It is, indeed, scarcely more than 200 years old. From antiquity onwards, felons were punished chiefly through corporal or capital means—notably whippings, ritual torture or public execution. This latter was conventionally praised as morally exemplary. The gallows or the guillotine formed a stage for enacting the public triumph of Justice, even if, in reality, it might descend into a ghoulish spectacle, a voyeuristic theater of horror.

This is not to say that locking malefactors up was unknown in Graeco-Roman times; and by the Middle Ages the cellular plan of the monastery suggested the idea of sequestration to bring heretics to heel. Still, the doctrine of the *lex talionis*—an eye for an eye—reinforced the old retributive conviction that justice required retaliation against the flesh. As Pieter Spierenburg shows in a brilliant account of "The Body and the State: Early Modern Europe," shutting people up was not, in pre-modern society, the main mode of punishment. It was largely reserved for those awaiting trial or execution, and for one distinctive but sizable category of offenders: debtors.

As crime soared, however, new expedients had to be devised. Mediterranean monarchies long sent convicts to man the galleys; and from the seventeenth century onwards, Britain, building on the ancient practice of banishment, took to transporting ever larger numbers of felons. By 1772, deportation was the fate of three-fifths of male convicts. Between 1718 and 1775, some 30,000 men and women were shipped to the American colonies, and later Botany Bay became, for the next century, the antipodean destination for some 162,000 British convicts. In *The Fatal Shore*, his magnificent history of Australia as a penal colony, Robert Hughes has provocatively suggested that assignment of convicts to private masters in Australia proved "by far the most successful form of penal rehabilitation that had ever been tried in English, American or European history."

In the Enlightenment, penal reformers such as Cesare Beccaria and Jeremy Bentham condemned corporal and capital punishment as no less futile than cruel, and argued for new forms of punishment that would be simultaneously more effective and humane. Thanks in part to their criticisms, the modern prison began to take shape late in the eighteenth century. It drew upon one prototype already in existence: the Bridewell, or, as it was known in the Dutch Republic (the nation pioneering this development) the "rasphouse" or "spinhouse," that is, the house of industry. Such institutions were originally designed not for serious criminals but for ne'er-do-wells and vagabonds, but they helped instill the belief that confinement in a disciplinary institution whose law was labor would serve to bring about moral and personal regeneration.

Reinforced by the parallel growth of incarceration in workhouses and lunatic asylums, such houses of correction—in Bentham's slogan, an "engine for grinding rogues honest"—took root, implanting an astonishing faith in salvation by bricks and mortar. And so when reformers (many of them austerely idealistic Protestant Dissenters, such as John Howard, or Quakers, such as Elizabeth Fry) denounced the old lock-ups for being riddled with corruption and cockroaches, even as Enlightenment humanitarianism was rejecting the whip and reserving the scaffold for homicides, it was comparatively easy to formulate the faith that a new model prison—efficient, disciplined, accountable, economical—would solve all the problems of criminality at a stroke. Most memorable was the Panopticon, Bentham's brainchild, where all inmates were to be permanently on view; but there was a proliferation of purpose-planned penitentiaries. Some of them were actually built, others never got beyond the drawing board.

The hopes entertained for the new prisons must today seem utopian or downright silly: "morals reformed, health preserved, industry invigorated, instruction diffused, public burdens lightened, economy seated as it were upon a rock, the gordian knot of the poor laws not cut but untied—all by a simple idea in architecture," trumpeted Bentham. Prison, the reformers taught, would finally deliver an authentic punishment, because of the deprivation it entailed of that sweetest of the rights of man: liberty. For that same reason, it would doubtless deter. And most important of all, it would rehabilitate. Whereas traditional punitive methods (reformers now concluded) were brutalizing and the barbarity of the lash turned miscreants into villains, the carefully calibrated regime of the new purpose-built and scientifically administered prison would mold men anew, replacing old caprice, corruption and cruelty by the application of "a just measure of pain," an exact calculus of punishment.

Evangelicals on both sides of the Atlantic pinned their hopes on the "separate system," which was designed to shut prisoners in solitary for long stretches of time, each in his own cell, while enforcing rules of silent segregation at chapel, work, mealtimes and exercise. By such means the old prisoner subcultures would be crushed, criminality would cease to be contagious, and the infinite time afforded for solitary reflection would work a change of heart, producing

Beads and Hair

It was one of the marches.
My fourteen-year-old son's hair blazed
down to his shoulders.
We boarded the night bus in Ann Arbor
for Washington D.C.
where we carried the names of dead men
and filed under the high
windows of the Justice Department
where John and Martha
discussed "revolution." At noon we stopped
to lunch at the Press Club
with newspaper friends, where I showed off
my beard, beads, and buttons.
As we entered the brass dining room
I spied Mike Dale,
whom I'd known at school, a Washington writer
I'd never much cared for.
He cut me dead, irritating me,
until the old columnist
we ate with squinted to make out
the face of Mike's
companion over lunch—who was Ron Ziegler.
When Nixon's Press
Secretary departed, Mike approached us,
hand outstretched, smiling,
admiring my beads and Andrew's long hair.

DONALD HALL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true repentance even in the most hardened. If Pentonville in North London was Britain's shining example of this ideal, the "silent system" reached its apogee in the Pennsylvania penitentiary, as Rothman shows in his essay, "Perfecting the Prison: United States, 1789-1865." Minds of a more utilitarian cast preferred to stress, by contrast, not the dawning conscience, but the regenerative qualities of hard labor. Bentham prescribed a work schedule of fourteen hours a day, much on the treadwheel, to the exhilarating accompaniment of martial music, arguing that the discipline of useless toil would inculcate the obedience and the submission that would perfectly fit an ex-convict for re-entry into society, not least into the factory labor of the industrial age.

Though the rebuilding of prisons in England and in America was essentially piecemeal, the reform movement gathered momentum, and there is something undeniably impressive in the transformation. "The contrast between a prison in 1780 and one in 1865 could scarcely have been greater," argues Randall McGowen, in a thoughtful account of the new system. "Disorder and neglect were the dominant features of the eighteenth-century prison.... On the other hand, the prison in the mid-nineteenth century was quiet and orderly.... Conversation and pleasure had been outlawed, but the prison was clean and healthy. Prisoners were confined to identical cells and subjected to a similar diet. Their lives were carefully regulated."

Yet British and American policymakers inevitably stored up trouble for themselves, thanks to what de Tocqueville called the "monomania of the penitentiary system." The new prisons rapidly sprouted an inmate population of old lags, walking refutations of the prize doctrine of regeneration. In response, the system was driven to create ever severer instruments of institutional torture. In England in the 1860s, the Caernarvon Committee ruled that those serving hard labor should daily ascend 8,640 feet on the treadwheel—while at the same time recommending reductions in diet (scathing critics called it "scientific starvation").

Surveying subsequent English developments, Sean McConville graphically evokes the gothic pornography of Victorian punishments as embodied in the fantasy scenario of treadwheels, crankshafts and capstans, all designed to intensify the pains of discipline and penitence. It was developments of that kind which drove Charles Dickens to conclude "this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body," correctly predicting that "those who have undergone this punishment must pass into society again morally unhealthy and diseased." The dream of prison as panacea was turning to nightmare. Something had gone wrong—but what? The answer (according to many apologists around 1900) was that the failure of the model prison revealed that the lawless classes were incorrigible. Losing faith in the perfect prison, the new professional criminologists who had succeeded the pioneer Evangelicals and Utilitarians came up with a new solution: degenerationism. National fiber, claimed the Italian psychiatrist and penologist Cesare Lombroso and his followers (as Patricia O'Brien explains in her account of continental developments) was being sapped by a residue of recidivists, too bent to go straight.

So what was to be done? To avoid tainting the beautiful discipline of prison with such riffraff, one new plan was to send such wrecks to special asylums. Better still: catch 'em young—and so reformatories and Borstals (named for the village in Kent where the first young-offenders' institution was set up) for juveniles were set up. Belief grew in a new professional expertise, as the moralizing ideal of making the punishment fit the crime yielded to the social-scientific goal of making it fit the criminal, thereby creating a psychiatrization of crime. And the eugenics movement was waiting in the wings, confidently advocating segregation, sterilization, and worse.

This is not to deny that various farsighted experiments have been tried in the present century, not least the creation of reformatories for young delinquents, as they are here sympathetically described by Steven Schlossman. Yet the general tendency in the Anglo-American world, recorded by Edgardo Rotman in a chapter on "The Failure of Reform: United States, 1865-1965," has been for prisons to become bigger and still more brutal. One predictable consequence has been the unparalleled eruptions of violence in recent years, not least the risings in Attica in 1971 and New Mexico State Penitentiary in 1980, each resulting in dozens of deaths. "Send him to gaol now, and you make him a gaolbird for life": Conan Doyle put those perceptive words in the mouth of the shrewd Sherlock Holmes. Despite the punitive passions of law-and-order politicians, experience seems to bear out this conclusion. Still, as this book convincingly shows, this century's reformers have been less inventive in breathing new life into the prison than were our forebears in inventing them in the first place.

Penal history was long dominated by a Whiggish approach, which traced a glorious progress from the old hellholes and dungeons to liberal reform. Michael Foucault stood this story on its head: prison reform should be read, he maintained, as the creation of a crueler carceral archipelago. The discerning scholarship of *The Oxford History of the Prison* points up the shortcomings of all such doctrinaire postures, and affords an escape from the twin mental cages of blind optimism and bleak despair. Whether escape be possible from the present prison crisis in the United States and Britain is another matter. Soaring prison populations and greater brutalization may well serve certain political agendas nicely, but there is scant evidence that indiscriminate incarceration will prove effective in solving society's crime problem or in doing any good to criminals. Faced as we are with prisons increasingly overcrowded, dehumanized and riddled with drugs and AIDS, it is important to turn to history. The prison is the product of time, and an examination of its history may instill the hope that time can also release us from our descent into catastrophe.

ROY PORTER is Professor of the Social History of Medicine at the Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine.

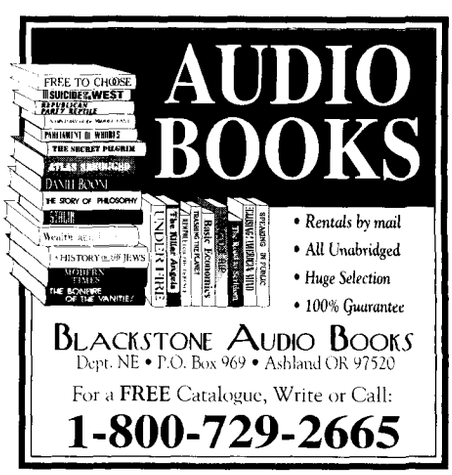
Want to invest in the stock market but don't know where to start?

The New Investor Monthly

FREE sample issue
1-800-484-6492, enter code #9166

Prostate Cancer

If you or a friend or family member are facing prostate cancer, you do have options. For FREE information call
Theragenics Cancer Information Center,
1-800-458-4372



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUSTIN DIARIST

Party town

CALL IT THE CALIFORNICATION OF Texas. Not all the upscale white professionals fleeing the meltdown of Southern California are ending up in the Pacific Northwest or the mountain states. Several of them, driving with instincts honed in Los Angeles, tried to run me off the winding hillside roads of Austin during a recent return to my hometown. No doubt they were in a hurry to get to the coffee bars springing up everywhere in the suburbs or to the Santa Fe-style boutiques offering cut-outs of Hopi kachinas or pastel coyotes in bandanas. The rich refugees from L.A., my Austin friends tell me, have brought *all* their paraphernalia with them. The cedar-stubbled hills of Northwest Austin, where the neighbors' kids and I once chased armadillos and fled rattlesnakes, are now layered with extravagant homes. The neighborhood looks like Santa Monica, down to the teams of Hispanic day laborers toiling in the yards. Austin is now being graced by "tear-downs," replacements of modest mansions in older neighborhoods with Spanish colonial or neoclassical palaces. There is even a gated community, that symbolic quintessence of the new overclass.

AUSTIN'S BOOSTERS DON'T SHARE my Californiphobia. Welcoming the invasion from the West Coast, they're hoping that "the Silicon Hills" will replace Silicon Valley. Already Rosabeth Moss Kantor of the Harvard Business School identifies "Boston, Silicon Valley, Austin, Tex., and, to a degree, Northern Virginia" as "Thinker" regions in the emerging economy. Austin even has its own answer to Bill Gates, in the form of Michael Dell. But Austin's success in becoming a center of the computer industry owes little to the free market. For years, the town has enjoyed an industrial policy that has linked the federal and state governments with the University of Texas and private consortia. State capitalism, it seems, is working in Central Texas—for the second time. The first was during the 1930s and 1940s, when young Congressman Lyndon Baines Johnson secured federal support for the Texan equivalent to the Tennessee Valley Authority—the Lower Colorado River Authority. Thanks to the dam-building New Dealers, the impoverished Texas Hill Country was electrified and developed decades before it might have been. Whatever may be the case in entrepots like Houston and Dallas, the private sector in Central Texas is as much the foster child of big government as in Japan or South Korea. It is no coincidence that among the leading proponents of American technology policy is an Austinite, Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, former head of the National Security Agency and founder of Austin's federally funded Microelectronics & Computer Technology Corporation. Though Inman's reputation has been hurt by his lack of success as a business executive and his dodgy reaction to being asked to serve as Clinton's Secretary of Defense, no one any longer ridicules his vision of Austin as a showplace of government-university-business partnership in high-tech research and development. If he's a nut, we should have more of them.

BUT THE AUSTIN I REmember from my teenage years was light years away from high-tech. In the '70s, the 40,000 students of the University of Texas turned a soporific state capital into one of the nation's premier party towns. Imagine Berkeley plunked down in the middle of Arkansas. In the 1970s, Nashville dissidents like Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings invented "outlaw country," reinvented Woodstock at Fourth of July picnics in Luckenbach, Texas, and turned Austin's Sixth Street into a precursor of Seattle's early '90s club scene. One of my treasured memories of the era is traveling to Willie's Austin Opry House to hear a fresh new band from New York, the Ramones. Flashback: I am cruising down Congress Avenue on a hot summer night in the back seat of a state senator's gargantuan white Cadillac. In the front are two young women who are sober Senate aides by day and, by night, the members of an all-girl punk band called The Chickadiesels. They can't play any instruments, but who cares? It's the '70s.

THE ANTI-AUSTIN, IN THOSE DAYS, was nearby Waco, dominated by Baylor, a Baptist university. To Austinites, Waco was "Jerusalem on the Brazos," though the holy city of Qum in Iran might have made a better analogy. It was in Waco, a few generations back, that a right-wing Protestant fundamentalist shot and killed liberal journalist William Cowper Brann for mocking Baylor in his newspaper, *The Iconoclast* (Brann, dying, killed his assailant with a shot). While Austin made music, Waco burned it. When I was growing up, the religious right in Waco periodically held Savonarolan bonfires of records allegedly encrypted with satanic messages, like the Eagles' *Hotel California*. Less than two decades later, Christian-rock-singer-turned-messiah David Koresh, having chosen Waco for its ideological congeniality, would arrange for his followers to go up with him in flames there.

SIXTH STREET AUSTIN HAS BEEN succeeded by Silicon Hills Austin, but not before being immortalized by my friend Richard Linklater. Having anatomized the U.T. campus milieu in *Slacker*, Rick captured the suburban Austin of the '70s with uncanny accuracy (for someone who grew up in Houston and Huntsville) in *Dazed and Confused*. You don't have to be from Austin to enjoy *Dazed and Confused* (though it helps; much of the action takes place at the Top Notch hamburger joint where my friends and I hung out in high school). It is enough to have grown up in an American suburb during the era when parents tried to regain their youth by wearing leisure suits and growing sideburns and taking *The Sensuous Couple* with them on week-long vacations while ceding their split-level, ranch-style homes to their teenage kids for pot parties.

FOLLOWING UP HIS RECENT FILM *Before Sunrise*, which was set in Vienna, Rick has returned to Texas for his next project, a movie about the Newton Boys, the most successful American bank and train robbers to date. These brothers from Uvalde, Texas, robbed more than sixty banks and four trains in a four-year spree that led up to a train robbery at Rondout, Illinois, in 1924—the biggest in U.S. history. "Silly kids," is how the elderly Willis Newton described Bonnie and Clyde to documentary filmmaker Claude Stanush a few years ago. "Didn't rob nothin' except fillin' stations and small places like that." After serving time with his siblings in prison, one Newton Boy, Joe, earned an honest living as an extra in Hollywood westerns (his trained horse, inevitably, was named Old Paint). In *The Last Command* (1955), one of the better movies about the Alamo, you can see Joe, garbed as a Mexican lancer, battling himself dressed as a Texan rebel. To his brother Willis's disgust, Joe came to regret his earlier career in crime. Sneered Willis: "He woulda made a good Baptist."

MICHAEL LIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WATERS OF PEACE

In the Middle East and elsewhere controversies often center on the control of scarce supplies of water. That's why the work of scientists engaged in water-related research may hold the key to prospective agreements seeking peace and prosperity in arid and semi-arid regions. Water is the basic resource of life. ❧ The Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, is proud of its "natural" place and its achievements in water research. No other region on earth has stimulated its scientists with comparable historical documentation of water abundance and scarcity through the millennia. Today, interdisciplinary research teams at Weizmann are developing new methods of cloud seeding, water detoxification, sun-based water purification and many other water projects. ❧ The world-wide effort of modern science to expand the blessings of water knows no national boundaries. Wherever it occurs, it deserves priority from government and private sources.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,400 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 850 research projects ranging from environmental research, chemistry, physics and computer science to basic medical research in neurosciences, cancer, AIDS, and childhood diseases.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 212/779-2500

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECAUSE WE RECYCLE OVER 100 MILLION PLASTIC BOTTLES A YEAR, LANDFILLS CAN BE FILLED WITH OTHER THINGS. LIKE LAND, FOR INSTANCE.

We can't make more land. But we can do more to protect what we have. In fact, last year Phillips Petroleum's plastics recycling plant processed over 100 million containers. This effort reduced landfill waste and helped conserve natural resources. And that left another little corner of the world all alone. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 A1 PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED